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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

ROUNDING UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS

After the seizure of T.W.A. Flight 847, when there was no clear target for retaliation, *The Wall Street Journal* made an editorial suggestion: attack the Sandinistas. At the time, we thought *The Journal* was trying to be funny. But the bad joke is now U.S. policy, as President Reagan has included Nicaragua among the countries he labels "a new international version of Murder, Inc." sponsoring terrorism against the United States.

There is no known incident of Nicaraguan terrorism against the United States. The other side of the ledger is far from blank, however. Not only has the United States organized, financed and equipped the *contras*, but C.I.A. personnel mined the harbors of Nicaragua, a terrorist act if ever there was one. And discarded down some memory hole is last year's C.I.A.-published manual instructing the *contras* on "Selective Use of Violence for Propagandistic Effects" and "Implicit and Explicit Terror."

More interesting than the inclusion of Nicaragua on the President's hit list—that country figures prominently in Reagan's Orwellian Two-Minute Hates these days—were the omissions. Was Bulgaria dropped because the case for its involvement in the attack on the Pope is collapsing in an Italian courtroom? Was the Soviet Union accused only of a "close relationship" with terrorist states because it is so big and powerful?

Our omission was no surprise, however. Chile is one of the few countries proved to have practiced terrorism in the United States, in the murders of Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt. But you won't find General Pinochet on Ronald Reagan's list of "misfits, Looney Tunes and qualid criminals."

WHERE THERE'S SMOKING... Alfie Kohn

A PREMATURE SHEVCHENKO? William A. Reuben

SANCTUARY INFORMERS Sandy Tolan Carol Ann Bassett

LATIN AMERICAN NOVELS Paul West

BOBBY McFERRIN Evan Eisenberg

ST. RONALD'S FIRE

THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVES AT WORK & PLAY

JOSHUA HAMMER

The hors d'oeuvres have all been devoured. Empty cans of Diet Coke and Lite beer litter the room. Benjamin Hart, the 26-year-old political analyst and director of lectures and conferences at the Heritage Foundation in Washington, summons the sixty or so people into the foundation's cozy red-carpeted, red-walled auditorium. It is 6:30 P.M., time for the lecture to begin. The subject is rather confusingly described as "What the Conservatives Need to Do Differently in Order to Win."

Welcome to the biweekly gathering of the Third Generation, a social club for exchanging ideas established by Hart two years ago and now one of the most popular networking spots for Washington's Young, Gifted and Right. It is a yuppie-looking crowd—well dressed, affluent, nearly all white males and nearly all under 30. Every other Wednesday the Third Generation meets to bask in the Reagan mandate, extol the virtues of the free-market economy, decry the Soviet Union and its Sandinista proxies and heap scorn on the "entrenched liberalism" of the college campuses, where only a few years ago many of them were waging lonely battles. "It's the premier forum for the young conservatives in Washington," says Peter Robinson, 28, a Dartmouth graduate and the youngest member of President Reagan's speechwriting team, who has attended several Third Generation lectures.

The drawing card for this evening's overflow crowd is Gregory A. Fossedal, 26, a founder with Hart and three others of the controversial *Dartmouth Review*, a contributor to *Com-*

(*Continued on Page 47*)

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LETTERS.

MISSING THE CONNECTION

San Francisco

Todd Gitlin's effort to relegate criticism of the Israeli-South African connection to the fringe of the antiapartheid movement at the University of California, Berkeley, reflects his personal attitude more than that of the emerging movement ["Reinventing the Sixties," May 18]. Speakers at campus rallies representing the African National Congress and the Pan-African Congress not only attacked Israel's military and economic ties with the apartheid regime but equated treatment of South Africa's black majority with that of Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza, where similar emergency regulations, established by the British in colonial times, are still in force.

The Jewish Student Board, a neoconservative group at the university, attempted to block any references to the association of Israel with South Africa by making the predictable charge of anti-Semitism. The campus Hillel Foundation backed them up as did the Northern California *Jewish Bulletin*, which on May 31 ran a story with the headline "Anti-Zionism Contaminates Campus Anti-Apartheid Protest." While this peripheral campaign may have made some inroads with certain white students, it has caused only resentment among blacks, Asians and others heavily involved in the movement.

Criticism of Israel's ties to South Africa has spread throughout the antiapartheid and Central America solidarity movements in the San Francisco area. On June 6, the Bay Area Free South Africa Movement and the San Francisco Anti-Apartheid Committee joined twenty-seven other solidarity groups in a demonstration at the local Israeli Consulate to protest Israel's role as a U.S. surrogate in South Africa, Central America and the Middle East. It was the first demonstration in the United States to involve those three areas of struggle, and it drew a weekday crowd of close to 500, many of them students. It was the largest protest ever held at the consulate, and it signals a turn in the anti-intervention movement. You won't hear about it from Todd Gitlin. This time around, he is among the missing. *Jeffrey Blankfort*

GITLIN REPLIES

Berkeley, Calif.

Jeffrey Blankfort misreads me. I loathe the Israeli-South African connection, along with Israel's rule over the West Bank and its arms sales to the military goons of Central America. What I "relegate . . . to the fringe of the antiapartheid movement" at Berkeley is the facile and misleading equation of Zionism, apartheid and racism. If Zionism is simply the commitment to the existence of a Jewish state within pre-1967 boundaries, why are Zionists (some of whom support a Palestinian state) intrinsically racist any more than the Islamic states that oppress Jews? Also in the single-standard department: I look forward to the day when Blankfort joins with me in deploring the massacres committed at the Palestinian camps at Sabra and Shatila by both the Israeli-supported Phalange and the Shiites.

There is, of course, a range of opinion within the divestment movement and among rally speakers, but the Berkeley Full Divestment Coalition steering committee, of which I am a member, has never taken a position on the relationship of Zionism per se with apartheid rule. It is curious that Blankfort, who is not a member, thinks he can speak for the movement. *Todd Gitlin*

EVEN CENSORS GET THE BLUES

Berkeley, Calif.

"Naturally the government doesn't send out a press release when such things happen," Richard Elman writes, regarding the purported literary censorship in Nicaragua ["Letters," June 8]. Why naturally? In 1980 and 1981, I worked in Argentina as a reporter for the *Buenos Aires Herald*. Every time a book was banned, the military government sent out a press release announcing it. I particularly remember the one that banned both the Spanish and English editions of Tom Robbins's *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. Presumably it was licit to sell the French and German versions.

The party line in Nicaragua concerning literature is hard to fathom. In Managua in December 1983 I picked up an issue of the government's poetry magazine, *Poesia Libre*. It features poems from literary workshops throughout the country, but the first twenty-six pages of this sixty-page journal are given to translations by José Coronel Utrecho and Ernesto Cardenal of poems by Ezra Pound!

When the U.S. government (or even our major publishers) start publishing poems from our poetry workshops (along with translations of Brecht perhaps), then we can begin to discuss the finer points of what constitutes literary censorship. Meanwhile, we rely on the commissars of B. Dalton to make our literary selections for us.

Barbara Schaffer

CAN'T BEAT THAT DEVIL!

Camas, Wash.

Alexander Cockburn, as usual, refuses to knuckle under to the dictates of convenience and collaboration. His fine column of June 1 on the counterinsurgency campaign in El Salvador ought to receive an award for investigative journalism, but of course it will not. More likely, Cockburn will be treated as the messenger bearing the bad news.

It is instructive to compare Cockburn's spunk and courage with the gabble emanating from the likes of Georgie Anne Geyer, James Reston, George Will and the rest of that flunky fraternity. If the American people were completely dependent on them for their views of what is going on in the world, Reagan could get away with a final solution with no trouble at all.

Like "good Germans," the journalistic cabal in control of the news in the United States simply chooses to ignore the gruesome events in El Salvador, preferring to concentrate on the alleged moderation of Duarte and his crew. One is reminded of the very similar way the Saigon puppet government was treated for so long in U.S. newspapers and magazines.

Good for Alexander Cockburn. Shame on complacent, dishonest journalism.

Frank W. Goheen

WHO IS THAT?

Edinboro, Pa.

In "Everything's Up-to-Date in Minnesota," May 25, Elizabeth Pochoda writes: "What [the Governor's open-enrollment proposal] would mean for education in the Gopher State depends on who [*sic*] you talk to there." If this crude solecism had not made its appearance in an issue dedicated to education, I would have simply dismissed it as an unfortunate typo. But, then, *etiam Homerus dormitat*—even Homer nods.

Maurice Holloway

THE LORD KNOWS WHOM

New York City

Maurice Holloway should know that I've long been a member of Calvin Trillin's campaign to purge the language of the word "whom," except when it occurs in circumstances such as the following, from Ring Lardner: "'Whom are you,' he said, because he'd been to night school." *Elizabeth Pochoda*

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a television project on intellectuals in exile and their impact on America, we are seeking anecdotal material, remembrances, photographs, home movies and memorabilia pertaining to the European scholars, artists and intellectuals who came to the United States between 1933 and the beginning of World War II. *Intellectual Exiles Project*
Richard Kaplan Productions
400 West 43rd Street, #6-D
New York, NY 10036

CORRECTION

Due to an editorial error, a sentence in Edward Fox's review of Ryszard Kapuściński's *Shah of Shahs* ["The Peacock," June 22] referred to Louis IX instead of Louis XIV.

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EDITORIALS.

Contra Pundit

Seldom does an Op-Ed piece in any newspaper make a noise louder than the sound of one typewriter letting off steam. But Edgar Chamorro's effort in the June 24 *New York Times* was a bombshell. The former Nicaraguan *contra* not only repudiated U.S. policy and exposed C.I.A. deceptions, he may have blown himself out of this country, which has given him aid and comfort since 1979.

Chamorro is a member of that ubiquitous Nicaraguan family that includes a dizzying array of Sandinistas, centrists and *contras*. Three years ago, he says, the C.I.A. recruited him to be the front man in the United States for the Nicaraguan Democratic Force, the army led by dictator Somoza's former National Guardsmen (this from Chamorro), which is waging a campaign of terror and murder from Honduran sanctuaries (again from Chamorro). But Chamorro broke with the F.D.N. last year, and he told a lot—if not all—in his brief article. That was his mistake. An Immigration and Naturalization Service official in

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Miami, Perry Rivkind, spotted the Chamorro confession and opened up the former *contra*'s file. There Rivkind discovered that Chamorro was "an illegal," just like the undocumented legions of car-wash jockeys, burger slingers and domestics in his bailiwick, who run the risk of deportation every day. For some reason, Chamorro's case seemed more urgent than the others, and Rivkind moved against him. Politics, Rivkind insisted, had nothing to do with the decision to pursue Chamorro's deportation.

"That would be a violation of the law," he correctly told a reporter. Bureaucratic backlog and official error were blamed for the delay in deporting Chamorro after his petition for asylum was denied last December—following his break with the U.S. war effort.

Chamorro is hardly a hero on anybody's list these days, but he does merit a silver star for ratting on the C.I.A. and disclosing some of its dirty tricks. For instance, he told how the agency wrote the F.D.N.'s communiqués ("in perfect Spanish"), how agents lied about the origin of the mines in Nicaragua's harbors last year and how the United States sanctions torture and intimidation of civilians by the renegade Guardsmen. He should get some small reward for that testimony, but the only present this government is likely to offer him is a one-way ticket to the country against which he took up arms.

The Way It Is

What the deregulators, technology junkies and future-shock therapists didn't tell us about the new information society was that all the important decisions about the structure, function and operation of the communications industry will be made by stock manipulators and money managers on Wall Street. Never mind the quaint notion bruited about twenty years ago that unbridled competition would lead to greater public participation at the community level. Now even the traditional decision-makers—the broadcasters, publishers and editors in chief—have been swept under the postindustrial rug. The ABC merger, the CBS takeover bid, the acquisitive strategies of Murdoch, Newhouse and Gannett, are not so much events in communications history as examples of the wheeling and dealing of debt.

To thwart Ted Turner's takeover, financial strategists for CBS are planning to spend about $1 billion to buy back more than one-fifth of its stock from private holders. The debt-ridden corporation will have to borrow so much money to pursue that campaign that it will lose much of its bargain allure. That move will also make further borrowing, the foundation of Turner's own strategy, unlikely.

The emerging pattern there is strikingly similar to recent developments in other sectors of society—not only the oil industry, agribusiness and real estate but also government, where political decisions about cities and states (and, increasingly, the nation) are in the hands of those who manage their debts. New York City, for instance, was more or less arbitrarily declared on the brink of bankruptcy ten years ago, and its affairs were handed over to a board of receivers in the financial district. They may be doing a fair job, but it is their game the whole city must play.

It is arguably better or worse for the commonweal that the present CBS management keep control of its empire, but the chief damage to the system of communications in America has already been done. The industry is so far removed from considerations of the public interest that differences in the politics and personalities of rival executives loom small by comparison. If significant changes are to be made in the delivery of information and entertainment, new ways will have to be devised to wrest control of the industry from the debt managers and bring it closer to home.

Smoking Gun

It is still true that, as James Simon Kunen wrote years ago, "the livelihood of several whole states depends on killing people slowly." The juggernaut that is the tobacco industry continues to cow Congress and intimidate regulators while its product claims about 500,000 American lives every year. Scientists and activists, enraged at advertisements claiming that the evidence on the health effects of smoking is inconclusive, have not been able to do much more than shake their heads and sputter.

Now, however, victims of cigarette-related diseases—or, in some cases, their survivors—are taking advantage of the recent liberalization of product liability law to bring whopping suits against tobacco companies. About thirty suits have been filed in eleven states, and that number is expected to triple by the end of the year.

Richard Daynard, law professor at Northeastern University and head of the Massachusetts chapter of Group Against Smoking Pollution (GASP), is convinced that personal injury lawsuits are "the most potent weapon available" against the number-one cause of preventable death. Last fall, Daynard and psychiatrist Michael Charney founded the Tobacco Products Liability Project to serve as a national clearinghouse for these lawsuits. The day the first one wins they expect to have their hands full, as thousands of similar actions are brought across the country.

The complaints charge tobacco companies with negligence: concealing the dangers of their product and intentionally misrepresenting it by suggesting that smoking is glamorous. The idea behind these suits is not only to compensate the victims of tobacco and to publicize its harms but also to force manufacturers to pass on the costs of multimillion-dollar judgments, or of liability insurance, to consumers. At $3 or $4 a pack, consumption would likely plummet, particularly among the young.

While the Tobacco Institute isn't commenting on the suits, the industry's plan of attack, according to Daynard, is to claim that, first, smokers know about the dangers of smoking and, second, there really aren't any dangers. "I don't think the courts are going to put up with this," he says.

In fact, most of the plaintiffs started smoking long before the warnings, still absurdly weak, appeared on cigarette

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Missing pages available on microfilm

against Alabama or even just the neighborhood of the camp, there would have been much indignation in the opinion columns and much talk about innocent lives.

Down Memory Lane

Apropos the subject of terror and hijacking, there was considerable interest in my remark two weeks ago that the first hijacking was perpetrated by the Israelis, in 1954. Here's what happened. On December 8, 1954, five Israeli soldiers were captured inside Syria while retrieving eavesdropping equipment from some telephone lines. On December 12, two Israeli fighters intercepted a Syrian passenger plane flying from Damascus to Cairo and forced it to land at Israel's Lod Airport, claiming that the plane had violated Israeli sovereignty.

A *New York Times* story for Monday, December 13 said, "Today's development appears to have given Israel an unexpected position of strength for negotiating the release of Syria's prisoners." By the end of the next day, the Israelis had released plane, crew and passengers.

Israeli Prime Minister Moshe Sharett confided to his diary, "It is clear that [Chief of General Staff Moshe] Dayan's intention . . . is to get hostages in order to obtain the release of our prisoners in Damascus," adding that the U.S. State Department had complained that "our action was without precedent in . . . international practice." Contrary to Dayan's hopes, there never was an exchange.

Chewing More Than He's Bitten Off

I'm afraid the mad overkiller is on the loose again. I refer to Nat Hentoff, the elderly conservative columnist for *The Washington Post* whose work is widely syndicated in *The Village Voice*. The high horse he's now riding—and will most certainly continue to flog until years after it's dead—concerns *The Progressive*.

In February, March and April of this year *The Progressive* accepted paid advertisements against abortion from Feminists for Life of America. In the June issue, editor Erwin Knoll printed an exchange between himself and June Makela, executive director of Funding Exchange, a group of liberal and left philanthropies, who wrote that her outfit was disgusted by Knoll's lack of principle in accepting the anti-abortion ad and would therefore neither renew its subscription nor lobby for funding for the magazine. (Makela wrote to Knoll because a woman, who on the urging of Funding Exchange, had given $2,000 to *The Progressive* for an investigative project, had written angrily to the organization after seeing the right-to-life ad.) Knoll replied with some high-toned prose to the effect that *The Progressive*'s readers are a brainy lot who can make up their own minds and that whereas the magazine's editorial columns are "our turf, the advertising columns are there for anyone within the law who wants to buy space to talk to our readers." Knoll ended with some ritual blather about free speech.

On the same page, Knoll ran a second exchange, between himself and Michael Ratner, a staff attorney with the Center for Constitutional Rights. Ratner attacked Knoll for wrapping his acceptance of the ad in the First Amendment. (As a matter of fact, Knoll had used the vaguer term "free speech.") "What garbage!" Ratner had then commented. "The First Amendment applies only to governments; it is to assure the people that the state will not suppress speech. It has little, in fact nothing, to do with private magazines. Such magazines in fact strengthen diversity by taking particular points of view and not by becoming bathroom walls where everyone can write a message." Despite his commitment to free speech, Knoll cut out this part of Ratner's letter, without asking him, and permitted merely Ratner's introductory remark that he was happy he did not subscribe to *The Progressive*. This enabled Knoll to make a smart little response to the effect that he was sorry Ratner didn't have a subscription to cancel.

Hentoff, who writes regularly for *The Progressive* and who has written 548 columns in the past year opposing a woman's right to choose to have an abortion, has lumbered into the fight, denouncing Funding Exchange and Ratner as mortal enemies of the First Amendment, the ideals of the Founding Fathers, etc.

So we have the ludicrous spectacle of Knoll announcing that a portion of his magazine is for sale to any bidder "within the law," proposing that this intellectual prostitution deserves praise for following the most virtuous traditions of the Republic. We may be treated shortly to the sight of Knoll touting *The Progressive* as a magazine so courageous that it accepts advertisements even from the Ku Klux Klan or the *contras*. This has everything to do with opportunism and petty greed and nothing to do with free speech or the First Amendment. Quite obviously, the advertising section of a magazine like *The Progressive* is a reflection of its editorial personality, and an antiabortion ad carries more weight when set in that *bien-pensant* context. Now Knoll is using the issue to get publicity and raise funds.

Any editor of a small liberal or "progressive" magazine, viewing the shrunken stipends of his ill-fed staff, will try to claim that his readers are too sophisticated to be fooled by any ad. What he means is that he is hoping against hope that the Mobil Corporation and the Marlboro Man will help push his paper toward the black.

The New Republic accepts advertisements from the tobacco industry. Martin Peretz, owner of *The New Republic*, recently killed a long article attacking the tobacco industry, claiming that it was strident, hysterical and unsound, although editors at the magazine had already approved the manuscript for publication and had told the author it was a fine piece of work. So far as I am aware, no one at the magazine has claimed this policy to be anything other than a characteristically squalid compact between Peretz and some people who want to give him money to advertise their legal products. Knoll takes the whole hypocritical process to a higher stage of pious self-deception.

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ARTICLES.

OPERATION SOJOURNER

Informers in the Sanctuary Movement

SANDY TOLAN AND CAROL ANN BASSETT

October 1, 1984. Salomón Graham, a.k.a. Salomón Delgado, Henry Graham, Henry Perea Smith and José Morales, is working undercover for the U.S. government. He participated in other clandestine operations in the past, but this time it's different. Salomón Graham is in church, and under his shirt is a tape recorder. To the Immigration and Naturalization Service, he is Confidential Informant 92. His mission is to record an ecumenical service in progress at Camelback Presbyterian Church in Phoenix. As his machine spins silently, a Catholic priest reads a passage from the Book of Leviticus:

> *When a stranger sojourns with you in your land, you shall do him no wrong. The stranger who sojourns with you shall be to you as the native among you, and you shall love him as yourself; for you were strangers in the land of Egypt; I am the Lord your God.*

A week before, Jesús Cruz, I.N.S. Confidential Informant 98 and Graham's partner, attended a Bible class for Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees at the Alzona Lutheran Church across town. The members of the study group discussed the Book of Exodus. Later, acting in part on information gathered at the Bible study group by Cruz, the government arrested half of them on charges of entering the country illegally.

Cruz and Graham were part of the Justice Department's Operation Sojourner, a crackdown on the sanctuary movement. More than 225 churches throughout the country have defied the Federal government by openly transporting and harboring Salvadorans and Guatemalans who have fled their homelands to the United States. Information gathered by undercover operatives Cruz and Graham, as well as other material seized by I.N.S. agents in raids on the homes of sanctuary workers, were used to prepare a seventy-one-count indictment against sixteen leaders of the movement in Mexico and Arizona. The charges against two defendants were dropped, and two pleaded guilty to lesser charges. The remaining twelve will be tried in Federal court in Phoenix on September 17. The first count of the indictment alleges a conspiracy to bring illegal aliens into the United States, and the remaining counts charge various defendants with helping refugees enter the country, shielding, harboring and/or transporting them. Each count carries a penalty of up to five years in prison.

The sanctuary movement contends that the Central Americans are fleeing persecution in their homelands and should be granted temporary refugee status under the 1980 Refugee Act. Immigration officials argue that the people are economic migrants, not political refugees. Nearly 35,000 Salvadorans and Guatemalans have been expelled by the United States since 1980.

The use of information obtained by undercover agents raises important issues of freedom of speech and religion. "The government had a clear position," said the Rev. Jim Oines, pastor of the Alzona Lutheran Church, who is not a defendant in the trial. "Their position was to do anything to try to deport the refugees, and they didn't really care if they violated the First Amendment or destroyed a faith community." The church has historically been a place of refuge for people who have nowhere else to go, he said. "Now the government is trying to cut off even that possibility. The refugees are people with no country, with no place on earth to go, and the only option is the church."

The defense filed a motion to suppress the evidence obtained by infiltration, charging:

> an unprecedented campaign of surreptitious intrusion of the church by government informants posing as religious sanctuary workers. . . . the government operated with unfettered discretion: penetrating the church, intruding upon religious activities, eavesdropping, snooping, and tape-recording religiously based conversations. This operation is perhaps the most serious infringement upon the free exercise of religion in modern times.

Government officials claim there was nothing unusual about the methods used. "The investigation of the alien-smuggling organization was carried out the way we carry out virtually every alien-smuggling investigation, and we do about 18,000 a year," says I.N.S. spokesman Verne Jervis in Washington. "In order to investigate and control and break up the organizations involved in alien smuggling, we do it by infiltrating them. . . . If people are to use churches for conspiracies to plot breaking the law, then they must expect to be investigated where those conspiracies are being hatched."

Moreover, the government denies that freedom of religion is an issue. In a pretrial motion arguing that all evidence relating to the defendants' religious beliefs be declared inadmissible, Assistant U.S. Attorney Donald M. Reno called the weekly sanctuary meetings "nothing more than the nuts and bolts strategy sessions among the conspirators on how to smuggle illegal aliens. . . . The agents' presence in church buildings was merely incidental to the pursuit of a legitimate criminal investigation."

Sandy Tolan, a founder of DesertWest News, an independent news bureau in Flagstaff, Arizona, recently produced a documentary series on the sanctuary movement for National Public Radio. Carol Ann Bassett is a Tucson-based freelance writer and frequent contributor to The New York Times *and other national publications. She has written extensively about the sanctuary movement since it was founded.* *Research for this article was made possible in part by grants from the Fund for Investigative Journalism and the CS Fund.*

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What Cruz attended at Alzona Lutheran were Bible study sessions and nothing more, and Pastor Oines decries government interference in a form of worship. "What occurred here at our church was really one of the most authentic expressions of religion that I've ever seen," he says. "People who had a great need for the community of faith were able to gather together and be that community for and with each other. And the government completely destroyed that. Now [the Central Americans] are afraid to gather here. They're afraid another spy will come in."

Pastor Oines contends that by prosecuting the sanctuary movement, the government is, in effect, dictating how religion should be practiced. "The government is there to respond to the ethical and moral things that true religion brings forth from the people," he says. "The church is not what the government decides it is. The church is the community of faith. The government is saying that people can maybe sing a song or pray together but when people actually start carrying out their faith, actually living it out, then they have to stop doing it." According to Oines, the government is essentially saying, "If religion doesn't do what we want it to, then we will try to control it and make it into a kind of religion that we want it to be. And we will define it."

In recent pretrial hearings in Phoenix, the government indeed found itself in the odd position of defining religion. Prosecutor Reno, in direct examination of James A. Rayburn, who oversaw Operation Sojourner, asked the I.N.S. bureaucrat, "Did you ever authorize informants to record services as you understood religious services?"

"No, I did not," Rayburn responded. "From what I heard on the tape [of the October 1 Camelback Presbyterian service] it was not a religious service."

As to the Bible study meetings, Rayburn said he was satisfied that those too were not religiously based. "At the beginning of the meeting," he testified under cross-examination by defense attorney Tom Hoidal, "they would read a short sentence out of the Bible. They would then close the Bible and sing a song. These songs were protest songs. Revolutionary songs."

To that comment, Judge Earl Carroll remarked, "I suppose you can even characterize 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' as a revolutionary song."

April 1984. Jesús Cruz brings a truckload of fruit to sanctuary defendant Father Ramón Dagoberto Quiñones in the Mexican town of Nogales, Sonora. "This is for the refugees," Cruz told Father Quiñones. "We've heard that you're assisting refugees from Central America, and I was so impressed with your work as a priest that I wanted to bring some gifts to the refugees to help them."

"Lo and behold, Jesús showed up at my church one afternoon," recalls the Rev. John Fife of Southside Presbyterian Church. Fife, a defendant in the case, is one of the founders of the sanctuary movement. "Jesús presented himself as this nice little man eager to be helpful to refugees and said he was in the roofing business, that he had free time. I took him at face value."

So began Cruz's international infiltration of the sanctuary movement. He befriended dozens of sanctuary workers and Central Americans in Mexico, Arizona and other parts of the United States. He ate in their homes. He attended sanctuary strategy sessions and Bible study classes. Many times, he brought refugees from the border to safe houses in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Los Angeles. He won the trust of everyone. "He was so willing to help; he fit himself in quite well," Oines remembers. "We were as gentle as doves but not as wise as serpents. I suppose we were very naïve."

To Cruz and his partner, Graham, fitting in came naturally. Operation Sojourner was at least their third job for the I.N.S. They became informants in 1980, after being arrested for smuggling undocumented workers from Arizona to Florida as part of an alien-smuggling ring run by two Bonita Springs, Florida, contractors. The two agreed to work for the government in exchange for immunity from prosecution. (According to court documents, they also received more than $16,000 for their spying on the sanctuary movement—$9,196 to Cruz and $7,250 to Graham.)

Graham, a Mexican citizen, had been arrested five times

DRAWINGS BY ED KOREN

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between 1970 and 1977—three times for illegal entry into the United States and twice for transporting illegal aliens. He served three and a half months in jail in 1976. There is considerable evidence that neither Graham nor Cruz has completely reformed since he began working for the I.N.S. Cruz allegedly continued to smuggle undocumented immigrants to Florida and tried to induce Salvadorans living in Phoenix to elaborate on testimony they gave to the Border Patrol about who had helped them cross the border. Graham is said to have offered a prostitute to a farm worker. These acts reportedly occurred while Cruz and Graham were working in Operation Sojourner.

When two reporters recently visited the West Phoenix home of Cruz and Graham to ask them about the claims made against them, Cruz would not come to the door and Graham refused to comment. Rayburn, who was directly responsible for the informers, also refused to comment. In an affidavit filed on June 24, Graham denied the charge that he had ever offered a prostitute to anyone.

The charge that Cruz asked refugees to beef up their original statements to immigration officers is perhaps the most serious because it relates to evidence against defendants in the pending case. "One time he came to where I worked," says a Salvadoran who requested that his name not be used. "He said he could arrange many things for my security in the United States. He asked me to change my testimony from what I said when Immigration first picked me up. He said, 'If you do this, I'll give you a Social Security card.'"

Another Salvadoran asserts that Cruz came to his house one Monday morning in January:

> He was telling me, "You have to tell them [immigration officials] about the churches. You have to tell them that you saw Father Quiñones." I did not know that name. Cruz told me, "Remember, you have to tell them how you crossed the border and who came with you. And you have to give them the names of the two priests [in Nogales, Arizona]." I don't recall who they were, but Cruz gave me their names. I knew Cruz wanted me to change the story. Three times he said, "You have to tell the truth."

Prosecutor Reno scoffs at the Salvadorans' statements. "There have been no promises; there have been no favors to any of the aliens in this case. Nor will there be," he says. "If Mr. Cruz has made such promises, they were not made under the auspices of this office or the I.N.S. He has been instructed not to have any contact with the aliens."

Several members of the Arizona Farmworkers Union (A.F.W.) say that Graham offered the services of prostitutes to field hands on many occasions since 1977—most recently in January, shortly before indictments in the sanctuary case were handed down. Farmworkers press secretary Don Devereux confirmed that Graham was fired in 1978 from his job with the Maricopa County Organizing Project, the forerunner of the A.F.W., saying he had been involved in prostitution. In a June 20 affidavit, Devereux stated, "During April, 1978, I was advised . . . that Delgado [as Graham was then known] had been discovered to be acting as an occasional pimp . . . taking female prostitutes to certain labor camps in Arizona's Maricopa County . . . and retaining a portion of the financial proceeds."

In early January, according to union organizer Anastácio Tello, Graham visited the Martori farm labor camp near Phoenix and "told me. . . that he had a very pretty Anglo woman in his truck. I told him that I was busy, that I didn't have time. I asked him how much money it was going to cost, and he said, 'That's no problem. . . . Afterward, we'll see how much it's going to cost.' I had known him before and I knew that this was his work."

Cruz is also said to have transported undocumented farm workers from Arizona to Florida illegally in 1984, even though he had been working periodically for the I.N.S. since 1982. "Jesús Cruz took some friends of mine to Florida in March of last year," says farm worker Dolores Ruíz. That would have been after another I.N.S. probe, Operation Everglades, which Cruz may have participated in and which resulted in the arrest of at least sixty-three people. Reno was unable to confirm that Cruz's trip was part of an I.N.S. operation. If it was, he says, it was not Operation Everglades, which, according to Immigration spokesman Gene Fitzpatrick, was completed on February 14, 1984.

Ruíz says he doesn't believe that Cruz's trip in March was for the government because not long after, at an A.F.W. camp, he saw one of the people whom Cruz allegedly had transported. According to Ruíz, the worker said that Cruz never turned him and the others over to the Border Patrol.

Reno says he has no knowledge that Cruz smuggled illegal aliens or that Graham attempted to sell prostitutes to farm workers: "I not only have no knowledge of it; what you're telling me is the first time I've heard it. It has not been brought to my attention. I have nothing in my files that could substantiate anything you are telling me." Sanctuary defense attorney Michael Piccarreta is calling for a Federal investigation of the charges.

In a May 29 letter to Reno, Piccarreta called it "double-dealing" for one or both of the informants to be engaged in independent smuggling and prostitution while working for the government. Two days later, Reno wrote back, "I do not have the slightest reason to give any credence to such remarks." Reno also cited a recent Federal court ruling that says, "Evidence of a witness' past misconduct, other than conviction of a crime, is inadmissible for the purpose of attacking the witness' credibility." He warned Piccarreta not to attempt to raise the issue in court.

"They should have Jesús Cruz and Salomón in jail instead of indicting churchpeople," says A.F.W. executive director Guadalupe Sanchez. "It's really crazy. If they really want to stop smuggling operations, they have a lot of bad guys to go after." Prosecuting people in the sanctuary movement, he argues, "was all a political decision, and it's a political move to go after people who are highly visible, who are getting press. It had nothing to do with stopping undocumented workers from coming into the country."

March 24, 1982. The Rev. John Fife announces at a press conference that the Southside Presbyterian Church will

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openly defy the government by harboring Salvadorans and Guatemalans. He presents a masked Salvadoran to members of his congregation, supporters and the press. Among those present is Border Patrol agent Thomas Martin, who returns to his office and prepares a memorandum. Referring to the Salvadoran as "the Frito Bandito" and to sanctuary supporters as "political misfits," Martin writes:

> *It seems that this movement is more political than religious, but that a ploy is going to be Border Patrol "baiting" by that group in order to demonstrate to the public that the U.S. government via it's [sic] jack-booted gestapo Border Patrol Agents think [sic] nothing of breaking down the doors of their churches to drag Jesus Christ out to be tortured and murdered. I believe that all political implications should be considered before any further action is taken toward this group.*

Government officials appeared to heed Martin's warning: Operation Sojourner did not begin until two years later, and memorandums written during the hiatus advised against a full-scale undercover operation. On January 4, 1983, for example, I.N.S. intelligence agent Dean B. Thatcher warned of sanctuary workers "gaining martyrdom." On June 30 of that year, I.N.S. criminal investigator Rayburn mentioned the "very low number [of Central Americans] being handled" by the sanctuary movement.

By early 1984, more than one hundred congregations had joined the movement. In April, Rayburn received authorization to infiltrate the churches. The operation was approved by then-Associate Attorney General D. Lowell Jensen (the number three official in the Justice Department), Assistant Attorney General Stephen S. Trott and I.N.S. Commissioner Alan C. Nelson.

"The reason the government put informants in the church," says Katherine Flaherty, a defendant in the upcoming trial, "is because they were realizing the power of the movement and that we were getting to be a real problem in terms of the government's policy in Central America. I think the government has done the churches and the refugees a favor by giving us this incredible publicity now."

Reno sees it differently, charging that the sanctuary movement quickly became "an alien-smuggling conspiracy of major proportion."

With the government's case hinging on the testimony of undercover informants Cruz, Graham and others, the infiltration will remain the most emotionally charged and controversial issue at the trial in September. The fate of the twelve defendants is at stake, but the case raises larger issues of freedom of religion, freedom of speech and the proper role of government in society.

"The government has become a little bit too proud," says Pastor Oines:

> It does not see itself as a servant of the people but rather as a controller of the people. If we want to maintain our rights . . . the churches must say, We want the freedom to be religious people and be authentic religious people. Not people that are just called to sit in our churches and hear a sermon and then go home and do what the government tells us, but to actually be a prophetic voice to the government, to

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THE GOUZENKO CASE

The Documents That Weren't There

WILLIAM A. REUBEN

Last March the publication of Soviet diplomat Arkady Shevchenko's memoir, *Breaking with Moscow*, an account of his secret life as an informer for the Central Intelligence Agency while serving as an Under-Secretary-General of the United Nations, found its way to the front pages of the nation's press. The Shevchenko affair, coming in the midst of other spy allegations—the latest, the John A. Walker Jr. spy ring, as American as apple pie—has fueled the Administration's campaign to restrict freedom in the name of security.

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger suggested that convicted spies should be shot. The House of Representatives passed a bill setting the death penalty for military espionage during peacetime and permitting polygraph examinations for as many as 4.5 million civilian and military employees of the Pentagon. Recently, there have been calls for wholesale revision of Federal security procedures, new restrictions on the Freedom of Information Act, a drastic step-up in counterintelligence activities and a C.I.A.-sponsored equivalent of the Official Secrets Acts of Britain and Canada [see Lois Sheinfeld, "Washington vs. the Right to Know," *The Nation*, April 13].

Not since September 5, 1945, when Igor Gouzenko, a 26-year-old code clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, defected to the West, has a Soviet turncoat caused such a brouhaha. Yet the Shevchenko story seems to have begun to unravel. Edward Jay Epstein, writing in *The New Republic*, has identified a series of contradictions and falsehoods in the Shevchenko account which have led him to conclude, "Shevchenko's book is a fraud on the same level as Clifford Irving's fake about Howard Hughes."

The dangers of passing hasty "security" measures in an overheated political atmosphere should by now be obvious. (For example, the Internal Security Act of 1950—providing for, among other things, compulsory detention of "security risks" in time of national emergency—was passed in response to newspaper headlines about cold war spying.) But for those still harboring doubt, new evidence has just now come to light in the Gouzenko case that, at a minimum, should serve as a dramatic reminder of the importance of insisting on hard facts and documentation whenever cold war imagery of spies, espionage and threats to national security are invoked to justify intrusions on our open society.

According to the two-man Canadian Royal Commission that investigated the case in 1946, the secret documents Gouzenko took with him pointed to the existence of a twenty-seven-person Soviet spy ring operating in Canada and other parts of North America. The apparat's primary target, the commission concluded, had been the secret of the atomic bomb, which the spies were said to have obtained with stunning success. This winter, the evidence on which the commission based its findings was declassified by the Canadian government, making it possible for the first time to get a comprehensive look at the affair.

The Gouzenko case is cited by historians as a watershed in relations between the Soviet Union and the West, the end of wartime amity and the beginning of cold war distrust. It was no coincidence that Winston Churchill, when declaring that "an iron curtain has descended across the Continent," in his famous 1946 speech at Fulton, Missouri, placed the Canadian "atom spies" at the top of his list of Soviet perfidies. Other commentators, like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in *The Vital Center*, said that Gouzenko's evidence made it clear that Communists' beliefs and speech were inseparable from "illegal acts" and thus threatened national security.

The standard view of the Canadian spy case, in terms of the damage to national security, is summed up by William Manchester in his social history *The Glory and the Dream*. The Canadian spies, Manchester wrote, stole "hundreds of pages of closely written data describing in detail" how to construct an atomic bomb. He concluded, "The Russians could scarcely have learned more about nuclear weapons had they been full partners in the undertaking."

What is not widely known is that all the published evidence for the existence of a Canadian atom spy network derives from the 733-page report the Royal Commission issued June 27, 1946. The men and women the Royal Commission identified as spies on the basis of "cover names" contained in the secret documents Gouzenko removed from the Soviet Embassy were tried for various offenses in the 1940s. But not one of them was indicted, tried or convicted of espionage—that is, of passing secret information to a foreign power—in Canada.* Indeed, in none of the trials did the government allege they had stolen atomic secrets. Moreover, sixteen members of the alleged ring were cleared of all charges. Of the others, five were found guilty of a conspiracy to obtain fake passports to enable Canadian nationals to fight on the Loyalist side in the Spanish Civil War, and five were convicted of violations of Canada's sweeping Official Secrets Act. In the end, people went free or were convicted based on the degree to which they acknowledged their political beliefs and activities, not

William A. Reuben is the author of The Atom Spy Hoax, *which includes a critical analysis of the Canadian Royal Commission's findings and procedures, and* The Honorable Mr. Nixon *(both Action Books).*

*Alan Nunn May, who was accused of being a member of the ring, pleaded guilty in England. Under the provisions of Britain's Official Secrets Act, full details of May's confession are still not available.

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[as far as any documentary evidence shows] because of what Gouzenko's documents supposedly revealed about them.

Another nagging issue in the case is the credibility of Gouzenko himself. The accused were never confronted with his charges before the commission, and their lawyers were even denied access to Gouzenko's testimony before the commission. After Gouzenko's defection in 1945, he lived under the protection of the Canadian government. He devoted the rest of his life to keeping his story before the public and silencing critics with lawsuits. It can fairly be said that he made a lucrative career out of preserving his image as a Soviet defector.

He sold the rights to his story to Hollywood for a reputed $100,000. He collected more than a quarter-million dollars from two books bearing his byline, one of which, a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, was widely translated. Laudatory articles by or about him (he was reported to have charged $1,000 for an interview) appeared over the years. He was a frequent commentator on matters relating to Soviet espionage, making many appearances on television (always wearing a hood) and on radio (at times disguising his voice through a filter device). The late Senator Joseph McCarthy attempted to get Gouzenko to appear before his subcommittee, but the Canadian government wouldn't permit him to cross the border. In 1979, three years before his death, the Toronto *Star* reported that Gouzenko lived on a two-acre estate in a house said to be worth $500,000.

His litigiousness brought in additional income and served to silence and intimidate would-be critics. The files of the Canadian Press news service in Toronto reveal that he brought more than a dozen lawsuits for libel, winning retractions, apologies, payment of counsel fees or money damages in many of them.* On June 7, 1968, the *Star* published an editorial that characterized as "hate literature and poison" a pamphlet published under Gouzenko's byline. Among other things, the pamphlet implied that Prime Ministers Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau were Communist agents. Despite Gouzenko's threats, the newspaper refused to apologize or retract its words, and he sued for libel. In 1974, the court found for the *Star* and ordered Gouzenko to pay the newspaper's legal costs (at the time of his death, in 1982, he still had not done so).

Only after Gouzenko's death did Canadian authors publish critical books about him. In the past year, three books have appeared, all written before the release of the Canadian Royal Commission documents. They are: *Gouzenko: The Untold Story*, an oral history by John Sawatsky; *Emma*, by June Callwood; and Merrily Weisbord's *The Strangest Dream*, a heart-wrenching account of how the Canadian left has for forty years "bought" the Gouzenko story lock, stock and barrel.

Sawatsky, a prizewinning journalist with a strong background in security matters, interviewed just about every living government official, officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (R.C.M.P.), lawyer, journalist and neighbor who ever had dealings with Gouzenko. Although Sawatsky takes no position on the findings of the Royal Commission and of the Canadian courts, he has assembled a collection of eyewitness portraits that variously describe Gouzenko as a "son of a bitch," a "scoundrel," a "bit of a nut case" who was "money-grubbing" and "thoroughly unreliable," a "spoiled brat," a "cheat" and a man incapable of writing anything by himself who stiffed his ghostwriters. He was also described as an egomaniac. According to the R.C.M.P. deputy who was in charge of his security for many years, "Gouzenko thought that only two men in the world mattered: Winston Churchill and himself."

"All he could talk about was worldly possessions," recalled a neighbor. Others said he thought "the world owed him a lot, especially the Canadian Government," and "he was constantly clamoring for more money from the state." (The government awarded him a lifetime pension which, when last reported in 1975, paid him $1,075 a month, tax free, with a built-in cost of living increase. A Canadian businessman, Frank Ahearn, gave him a lifetime annuity.) A lawyer who raised more than $67,000 from anonymous sources ostensibly to help Gouzenko pay off his debts called him "a plain son of a bitch, a cheat from the word go, as greedy as anyone you'd ever know."

Gouzenko became not only the key witness but also the only unfettered spokesman on the case. Everyone else involved was prohibited from talking about it under pain of five years' imprisonment. This gag rule applied across the board, to R.C.M.P. officers, court attendants, stenographers, witnesses called before the Royal Commission and in the subsequent trials, friends, family members, lawyers and

* Some of these suits were settled by defendants for various reasons, including unwillingness to bear the costs and risks of lengthy litigation.

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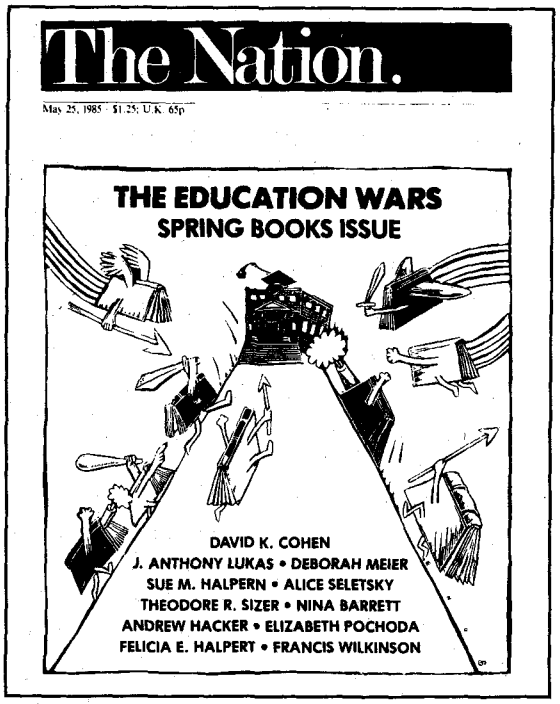
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the defendants themselves. The defendants were unable to obtain transcripts of their own testimony or copies of documents used against them by the commission. The trial records are unavailable—either destroyed, "lost" or sequestered in sealed files. For nearly forty years, the only public information on the case consisted of newspaper stories, Gouzenko's writings and the interim and final reports issued by the Royal Commission. All the exhibits entered as evidence before the commission were impounded, not to be released until 1986.

On January 7 of this year, however, the government released almost all of the exhibits before the Royal Commission. Solicitor General Elmer MacKay said that 580 of the approximately 1,000 exhibits the commission had examined would be declassified. The declassified materials, he assured the press, included all "those conveyed by Mr. Gouzenko personally to the Canadian authorities."

Although the bulk of the material had to be catalogued and microfilmed, MacKay did release to the press photocopies of nine handwritten pages in Russian which were identified in the press kit as the texts of eight telegrams sent from the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa to Moscow in July, August and September 1945. They were signed by "Grant," identified in the Royal Commission report as a cover name for Col. Nikolai Zabotin, Soviet military attaché in Ottawa, and addressed to "the Director." According to the accompanying English translations, the telegrams contained numerous references to presumed espionage activities (clandestine meetings and the like) and also to espionage targets (government policies and plans for bombs of various types, including the atomic bomb that was "thrown on Japan," as the translation put it). These allusions to espionage were ascribed to various mysterious individuals, known as Debouz, Prometheus, Gray, Alec, Alek, Grant, Bacon, the Professor, Martin, Dekanzov, Piat and Badeau. The press kit identified these as cover names for the accused spies, but this attribution seems puzzling in light of the commission report's statement that Gouzenko had never known, seen or worked with any of these persons.

These materials are of dubious provenance. The press kit contained no proof that the nine handwritten pages in Russian were the texts of telegrams sent by the Soviet Embassy to Moscow, or that the handwriting belonged to Colonel Zabotin. Also curious was the four-page handwritten statement Gouzenko made on October 10, 1945, included among the documents MacKay released. In it he explained why he defected, charged that the Soviet Union was preparing for a war with the West and castigated his homeland for having committed all manner of crimes save one: atomic espionage. The charge that would emerge as the central finding in the commission's report is not even mentioned. Moreover, he said nothing about *any* documents.

Any hope I had that the rest of the material would shed light on the affair was dashed this spring when I examined it. The remaining documentary evidence—and I use the term advisedly—is a hodgepodge, reminiscent of one of Professor Irwin Corey's doubletalk monologues. Taking up six reels of microfilm, it consists of numerous official government

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documents, originating in the United States, Britain and Canada, and a welter of other materials, including:

> the 1943 Montreal telephone directory, passport applications, travel and expense vouchers, job applications, army service records, blueprints of defense plants, government manuals, identity cards, voting records, registration forms, hotel and meal receipts, newspaper clippings, copies of editorials from Canadian Communist Party newspapers, leaflets from the Young Communist League, June 1935 correspondence of the National Conference of Friendship with the U.S.S.R., pamphlets from the National Council of Canadian-Soviet Friendship, a brief history of the Soviet diplomatic mission to Canada from 1924 through 1945, passenger lists of steamships, oaths administered by the Immigration Office and the Royal Commission, income tax returns, library cards, private correspondence going back to 1939, railroad timetables, photographs of individuals named in the final report and their private correspondence going back to 1939, pre-Gouzenko R.C.M.P. dossiers on the accused, samples of the handwriting of Colonel Zabotin and other diplomats from 1943 through 1945, records of all stationery and other office supplies purchased by the Soviet Embassy and an itemized list of four cartons of books, including standard works by Marx and Lenin removed from an alleged spy's home—and so on and on.

What is one to make of this jumble? With no indication as to when any of the exhibits were obtained by the R.C.M.P., how they related to espionage or any wrongdoing and, for the most part, no indication of when they were placed in evidence at the hearings, it is impossible to determine their significance, authenticity or relationship to other evidence. And what of the most eagerly awaited prize of all: the 108 secret documents the Royal Commission said Gouzenko took with him from the embassy? As with the eight telegrams, there is no physical evidence to prove that the originals existed or came from the Soviet Embassy. It is also interesting to note that it was not until March 2, 1946, that the commission or any Canadian official stated publicly that Gouzenko had taken the embassy materials. That was more than two weeks after the alleged spies were arrested by the R.C.M.P. and Gouzenko began testifying, and more than six months after he left the Soviet Embassy for the last time.

In addition to all of the above, the record contains a glaring and critical gap. The recent books on the Gouzenko case reveal that he spent five and a half months at Camp X before his defection was made public. The Royal Commission did not ask Gouzenko a single question about this period, and no investigator has got through the government's stonewall about what happened there. Sawatsky describes the process Gouzenko underwent as "debriefing." But throughout World War II, Sir William Stephenson, head of British intelligence in North America, maintained a laboratory at Camp X which produced forged letters and other documents of high quality.* How do we know that the representatives of the British, Canadian and U.S. intelligence services who spoke with Gouzenko at Camp X were not giving as well as receiving information?

So despite the voluminous evidence that has become available, questions persist. We may never know which of Gouzenko's revelations were fact and which were fiction. The point is that the temptation for Western governments to manipulate facts in order to create anti-Soviet hysteria is considerable. As this case shows, evidence once trumpeted as "definitive" or "damning" may, years later, turn out to be an undifferentiated mass of items that are questionable, or worse. This is not to say that Gouzenko's story was a complete or partial fabrication but to point out that after forty years, crucial evidence is still being withheld and important questions remain unanswered. It is merely to call for subjecting the evidence in such cases, when it appears, to what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the acid bath of cynicism."

The current rash of spy cases may signify an escalation in K.G.B. activities or, more likely, an escalation in the number of cases brought for political reasons. We should not let them be used to damage arms control negotiations, suggest that all liberals and radicals are spies and traitors or justify antidemocratic regulations and legislation.

Too many unknowns remain to draw any morals from the Gouzenko case. But we would do well to keep in mind the comment made to Sawatsky by Canadian journalist Ian Adams, long before the recent release of documents:

> [Gouzenko's] defection came at a wonderful time when there was tremendous resistance from the scientists involved in developing the atomic bomb. They wanted to see an open book on the development of nuclear power with everybody collaborating so that it wouldn't become the ungodly arms race that it did become and is today. So if Gouzenko hadn't fallen into the western intelligence services' lap, they would have had to invent somebody like him. □

*Those forgery operations have been described in *No Chip on My Shoulder*, by Eric Maschwitz; *Room 3603*, by H. Montgomery Hyde; and *A Man Called Intrepid* and *Intrepid's Last Case*, by William Stevenson.

Conservatives

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

mentary and an editorial writer for *The Wall Street Journal*. Hart is the author of *Poisoned Ivy*, a memoir of his college years which some have compared to William F. Buckley Jr.'s *God and Man at Yale*. His father is Jeffrey Hart, a Dartmouth English professor and a senior editor of Buckley's *National Review*. Fossedal—brash, energetic, exceedingly articulate—has attracted considerable attention for his strident Op-Ed pieces, his abrasive interrogation last summer of Vice-Presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro ("Answer the question!" he shouted at her repeatedly at a press conference about her husband's tax returns) and his collaboration with Lieut. Gen. Daniel Graham on *A Defense that Defends: Blocking Nuclear Attack*, a vigorous endorsement of Star Wars.

Joshua Hammer is a New York City freelance writer who has contributed to Newsday, Manhattan, inc. *and other publications.*

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This night Fossedal has come not to praise the Third Generation but to warn it that the conservative revolution is in danger of petering out. The left remains a force to be reckoned with, he cautions, capable of blocking the right's visionary programs. He urges a quid pro quo approach on several key issues.

"If we put real pressure on Marcos, [the left] should give us a rollback policy on the Soviet Union," he says. "Get rid of the minimum wage, and we'll give them their $10 billion jobs bill boondoggle. Start building the Star Wars defense system, and we'll begin unilateral disarmament. One thousand defensible missiles are better than 8,000 vulnerable ones." Regarding abortion and pornography, Fossedal says, "We must adopt creative tactics," including "peaceful disruptions" of abortion clinics and picketing of newsstands that stock lewd magazines.

Questions from the audience follow. Is Jack Kemp the Republican future?

"My guess is that Kemp will be President and he'll be a good one."

What about the U.S. policy toward South Africa? Does Fossedal endorse economic sanctions?

"There are human rights being denied in both South Africa *and* the Soviet Union," Fossedal replies. "Ronald Reagan should call in Lowell Weicker and tell him, 'Why can't we protest both? One hundred million Soviets don't have the right to vote.'"

"What we're forgetting," interjects Hart, "is that South Africa is a threat to nobody. The Soviet Union is a real menace to our survival."

Thus speaks the Third Generation, which traces its ideological roots to the old right of Robert Taft, Barry Goldwater and the Republican Party of the 1950s and early 1960s. Its political gurus include Buckley and neoconservative godfather Irving Kristol. The members are fiercely anti-Communist, filled with lingering disgust for the Carter Administration ("The weakest, worst President of the last fifty years," says Hart), convinced that "compassion means the creation of opportunity," according to Republican Congressional aide Frank Cannon, 26, and hardened in many cases by combat with liberal professors, administrations and the campus press. They talk of revolution with as much passion as their ideological opposites did in the 1960s, but this time their man is in the White House and the American political climate has shifted to the right, opening the way for mainstream influence they could hardly have envisioned a few years ago.

"There's a fundamental redirection going on," says John Podhoretz, 24, a senior editor of the Moonie-owned *Washington Times* and son of *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz. "The world is a hospitable place for conservative ideology today in a way it certainly wasn't in the 1970s. My friends and I no longer have to consider ourselves an embattled minority."

In addition to its old right and neoconservative currents, the conservative youth movement contains other streams—libertarian, New Right, evangelical—which converge on some issues and diverge decisively on others. From the White House staff to neoconservative journals like *Commentary* and *Public Interest* to the Institute for Educational Affairs (I.E.A.) headed by Kristol to direct political action groups associated with the Eagle Forum and the Moral Majority, the older generation has undertaken an intensive effort to recruit a new crop of leadership.

"I oversaw the National Reagan Youth Effort in 1980," says Morton Blackwell, former Special Assistant to the President for Public Liaison and now head of the Leadership Institute in Virginia, which runs seminars for campus organizers, Capitol Hill staff members, and students who want to start their own newspapers. "We made every effort to make sure that as many young people committed to the President's philosophy got employed as possible. Our most significant achievement, I think, was to have credentialed a whole generation of new conservatives."

The most fertile breeding ground for young conservative leaders is Dartmouth College, where a right-wing student movement coalesced at *The Dartmouth Review* in the early 1980s. With partial financial backing from the I.E.A., which has funded sixty such journals, *The Review* became not only the vanguard of a wave of conservative "alternative" newspapers but a kind of Triple A league for young Republicans aspiring to the majors in Washington. The movement of former *Review* staffers into high-profile jobs after graduation has been extraordinary: Peter Robinson, an editor of the campus daily who helped found *The Review*, parlayed a 1977 internship with Patrick Buchanan into a job as speechwriter for George Bush in 1982. He joined the six-man Reagan speechwriting team this past January (the team also includes relative youngster Josh Gilder, 31, a cousin of George Gilder, author of *Wealth & Poverty* and *The Spirit of Enterprise*).

Michael Keenan (Keeney) Jones, 25, president of *The Review* following Gregory Fossedal's tenure as chair, wrote speeches for then-Treasury Secretary Donald Regan before entering a seminary. Another former *Review* editor, Dinesh D'Souza, age 24 (known to Dartmouth liberals as Distort D'Newza), is currently managing editor of the 16,000-circulation *Policy Review*, an influential right-wing journal of opinion published by the Heritage Foundation. Will Cattan, class of 1983, was lured away from a lucrative corporate job by Blackwell to join the White House as a volunteer and later was elevated to Bush's speechwriting staff. "These kids who go through *The Review* or other conservative college papers are heavyweights compared with the average campus conservative," says Blackwell. "They have to communicate with hostile administrators, sell ads, recruit staff, deal with the real world. That combination of practical experience and philosophical orientation is intensely desirable in terms of conservative movement building."

But *The Dartmouth Review* and its progeny, the Third Generation, have their detractors in the young conservative movement. John Podhoretz—he founded *Counterpoint*, the first college publication to receive I.E.A. funding, at the University of Chicago in 1979—has an undisguised contempt for *The Review*. He calls it "nonsensical, disgusting

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and irresponsible." As for the Third Generation, he finds its "old-line, Buckleyesque" conservatism a bit paranoid. "They'll sit there and say the State Department is riddled with Communists, and why isn't the White House doing this, doing that," says Podhoretz. "They're still talking as if we've lost every election we've all been involved in. But we've all won, so what's the problem? Why are they whining? By refusing to take reasonable positions, they jeopardize having rational discussions."

Another young neoconservative, who works in the Administration and who requested that he not be identified, has attended several Third Generation meetings and agrees with Podhoretz. "They're still preoccupied with college battles," he says. Moreover, he calls the group's Taft-Goldwater-Buckley orientation "irresponsible." "The main problem with right-wing foreign policy is its utopianism," he says. "It's the Victory over the Soviets theme, a refusal to accept containment. They're asking, Why not do more to liberate Eastern Europe or support anti-Communist resistance groups around the world? It's an overly consistent view that doesn't face hard realities."

To this, Fossedal responds: "Does this person want to see a world in which free elections are held in the Soviet Union? I think he must. That the Soviet Union has to be there is a concept I strongly disagree with." Fossedal concedes that "hawkish tactics" might not be the most sensible means of achieving this "hawkish objective." Hart, whose attitude toward the Soviet Union recalls that of the iciest of the 1950s cold warriors, favors linkage and would have the United States refuse to participate in arms negotiations while "the Soviets are massacring people in Afghanistan."

"Do you negotiate with Al Capone?" he asks. "Do you reason with John Wayne Gacy? The only thing that qualifies the Russians to be worthy of even a dialogue is that they're the most powerful military state in the world."

On abortion and school prayer, most young conservatives take a discreet approach. *Policy Review*, for instance, rarely touches those issues, reflecting a general Heritage Foundation concentration on economic and foreign policies. (Recently, however, the magazine did publish a forum in which a number of noted conservatives spoke out against abortion.) But many conservatives share a sense of revulsion at the progressive developments of the 1960s and 1970s: *Roe v. Wade*, affirmative action, the gay rights movement. "Feminism, atheism, Marxism, liberalism and unattractiveness," writes Ben Hart in *Poisoned Ivy*. "It's all somehow connected." Noreen Barr, 27, legislative director of Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, gained a degree of notoriety last winter when, in a *Washington Post* article, she called for outlawing premarital sex. "I don't want to comment any further on that," she now says. "All I'll say is that I keep reading stories of young misled girls abused by men. People have to take a step back from the glib rhetoric and see the price paid for [sexual freedom]."

Patrick McGuigan, a 30-year-old graduate of Oklahoma State University, is director of the Institute for Government and Politics at Paul Weyrich's Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, one of the most vocal and well funded of the New Right lobbying groups. McGuigan allies himself and his group closely with the Moral Majority (the two organizations are neighbors on 2nd Street Northeast in Washington) and he lobbied for William Bradford Reynolds's nomination as Associate Attorney General. McGuigan, like Barr, is appalled by what he calls rampant immorality. "To the extent that we say, 'Hey, everything's cool, do your own thing,' we begin to erode the whole fabric of the social structure," he says. "I don't want to go around harassing people, but I don't want them telling me that a practicing advocate of homosexuality should teach my kid. To say otherwise means nothing matters."

McGuigan came to his philosophy naturally. He grew up in a conservative community and adopted the ideology of his parents. Others underwent the troubling process of conversion. Cannon, the son of "traditional blue-collar Kennedy Democrats"—his father was a union local president on Long Island, and his mother is a member of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union—watched his parents grow disenchanted with the Democratic Party through

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the Vietnam War, student protests, rising crime and inflation, and came to regard much of the 1960s activism as "self-indulgence." In 1978 he founded the Dartmouth Conservative Union, where his views hardened in the face of antagonism from students and administrators: "I remember putting up posters for campaigns while at college and having them ripped down by the same people who ardently defended First Amendment rights." He credits Jimmy Carter for the rightward drift of his peers. "The Carter years influenced a lot of people who were tired of the self-flagellation," he says. "They looked at a sweater-clad President sitting by the fire telling the American people that the problem lay with an overall flaw embedded in themselves. Young people started out wanting to see potential, opportunity. Reagan talks in those terms." Of the charge that conservatism reflects a selfishness and materialism among the young, he responds: "I don't believe that's true of myself or those I know. I came to the Hill to take a $13,000 a year job because I wanted to be part of something I thought was valuable, not because of a desire to be materially wealthy." Today Cannon serves as co-director of the Chesapeake Society, a thriving group of 140 Congressional aides, mostly Republican, who meet every Monday morning in the Cannon Office Building. Representatives from conservative interest groups and other Hill staff members brief them on upcoming floor votes.

Adam Meyerson, 31, editor of *Policy Review* and one of the leading intellectuals of the young right, rejected his parents' views. His father was acting chancellor at the University of California, Berkeley, during the Free Speech Movement. "I reacted strongly against the liberalism of the faculty," Meyerson says. "Certainly I reacted against what was happening to my friends. A lot of them were getting spaced out, committing suicide, getting radicalized and very bitter about this country. I didn't think we had a wise policy in Vietnam, but I wasn't against the U.S. commitment on moral grounds." Meyerson, who earned a degree from Yale University in history, the arts, and letters, wrote his thesis on Adam Smith and Edmund Burke. "I started to develop a stronger appreciation of the marketplace," he says. "It seemed the most humane system of organization, both politically and economically. I liked the way it disperses power." Recruited by editor R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., Meyerson spent three years at *The American Spectator*. By the end of that time, he says, "I was quite comfortable thinking of myself as a conservative." Meyerson embraces supply-side theories and takes a hawkish view toward the Sandinista government. Reports of *contra* viciousness don't bother him. "In a war you have to expect them. And I don't think the *contra* atrocities are much different from the Sandinistas'—and probably not as bad."

What about the future of the young conservative movement? The short-term prognosis is good. The Institute for Educational Affairs provided grants to twenty-nine right-wing campus newspapers this year, about half of them seed grants and the other half continuing grants. An officer of the College Republican National Committee told *The Washington Post* in May that 320,000 college students registered as Republicans between April and October 1984. And with Jack Kemp waiting in the wings for 1988, the Republican Party will be able to offer a candidate who unites neoconservative ideology with the image of strength and vitality that has proved so enormously popular to the under-30 constituency. "We're establishing a permanent conservative structure built on the shoulders of the past two generations," exults McGuigan. "We're in journalism, in think tanks, in political action groups. We're clerking for judges. We're gonna govern this country."

But other young Republicans aren't so sure. Fossedal predicts that the post-Reagan Republican Party will reach a critical crossroads in 1988 and will have to make a substantial effort to reach out to blacks and other minority groups or become cast as "the businessman's elitist party." Another young conservative fears that the "revolution" will wither away after the Reagan era. "The shift to the right by the young is illusory," he insists. "I view it as a 65 percent Reagan phenomenon."

Even now the young conservatives expend as much energy bickering as they do networking. The Third Generation Buckleyites feud with the Kristolites; the libertarians butt heads from time to time with the evangelicals. Evangelicals like McGuigan complain that social issues have always been "the poor sister of the governing equation." Neocons like Podhoretz look with scorn on "penny-ante headline-grabbing right-wingers like Paul Weyrich," and insist, "We don't have to bring them along for the ride."

The disputes are often cultural as well as ideological. Although the current crop of young conservatives cuts across race and class lines to some extent (the chair of the Washington branch of the Young Americans for Freedom, Deroy Murdock, is a 21-year-old black, for instance), divisions and tensions lurk beneath the surface between yuppie Ivy Leaguers and the hard-core Middle American right. It's difficult to imagine McGuigan, a Catholic from rural Oklahoma, and Podhoretz, an East Coast Jew, agreeing on anything besides the most general need to strengthen defense and slash taxes to stimulate growth. Adam Meyerson insists that the old-style elitist conservatism typified by the anti-liberal Yale Party of the Right, which adopted the monarchistic slogan "Restore the Stuarts," is a thing of the past, but *The Dartmouth Review*—which once ran a column against affirmative action under the headline "Dis Sho Ain't No Jive, Bro"—can hardly be praised for egalitarianism.

The young generation, then, like its older counterparts, has not formed a cohesive movement. It's a huge, disorganized conglomerate of disaffected Democrats, Jimmy Carter haters, old-line Republicans, Christian fundamentalists and social reactionaries. Take away the Reagan magic, and factionalism may intensify, ideological quarrels heat up and the entire "revolution" collapse. "If we're the foot soldiers of some revolution, we're still in boot camp," admits Podhoretz, who knows that it takes more than callow rhetoric and a popular President to make an enduring political upheaval among the young. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Narrative Overdrive

PAUL WEST

THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS. *By Isabel Allende. Translated by Magda Bogin. Alfred A. Knopf. 368 pp. $17.95.*

MACUNAÍMA. *By Mário de Andrade. Translated by E.A. Goodland. Random House. 168 pp. $14.95.*

Behind its flash, the boom in Latin American fiction is merely that continent's version of the copious documentary practiced by Arnold Bennett and deplored by Virginia Woolf in her famous essay "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown." Except for the work of Carlos Fuentes, whose ebullient mind urges him toward the impossible, the undone, there is little in recent Latin American fiction that bears comparison with the innovations of authors as diverse as Samuel Beckett, Maurice Blanchot and Alain Robbe-Grillet. Instead, the boom is thickset family chronicle, done with much the same enticing garrulity that Gabriel García Márquez attributes to his favorite aunt, who told him stories nonstop.

The Latin Americans who have been most celebrated have given the world yet another good solid read, whereas the truly inventive Latin American writers—from Jorge Luis Borges, José Lezama Lima, Julio Cortázar and Mario Satz to the Brazilians Joao Guimaraes Rosa, Mário de Andrade and Osman Lins—find a smaller public, fewer major prizes and a discerning readership akin to the one that gave the French *nouveau roman* more serious attention in the United States than it initially got in France. It was ever thus. Rossini is not Ives.

Family chronicle reassures us, of course. It teaches us that this thing that we curse and yet prize is really the main stuff of life, the source of endurance and mutation, the irreducible focus and context, the dimension in which all things happen. In the family the human being is at his or her most commonplace, and it is against a family background that black sheep must be savored. And family, happy or unhappy, is the team version of existential pain, the theatrical version of something most grievously expressed by loners and pariahs or by the fierce paucity of so unpeopled a fiction as Beckett's *How It Is*. The act of reading is a lonely one, and perhaps lonely readers, or at any rate readers who are by themselves, prefer something chummy before their eyes—some festive, uproarious knockabout to distract them from the knowledge that the family of man is truly the loneliest individual of all, a hapless sacrificial animal on the altar of zealous militarism. As my mother used to say during the blitzkrieg, as we crouched under the kitchen table (until we got an air raid shelter), "If we go we'll go *together*." The thing she abhorred, on behalf of the rest of us, was any one of us having to go it alone. In this sense, the family novel is a talisman.

Perhaps this explains the runaway vogue of Isabel Allende's first novel, which has been translated into at least a dozen languages. The author happens to be the niece of the slain Chilean President, but even that fateful connection can hardly account for the response to this ably done variant of the typical recent Latin American novel, one formula for which might run: while moving elastically about in time, heap up incongruous juxtapositions (a block of ice in the jungle, Márquez; a mouse trapped inside a worn corset, Allende) and encrust the characters with eccentric surface. Many times over, convey the notion of plenty, and overanimate everyone to fever pitch. Make the baggy monster spill over. Make it groan and seep like the exploding gourmand in a recent Monty Python movie. Suggest the swarmingness of things to give the impression, as the poet Diane Ackerman puts it, that we are "sucking on jungle."

There is much to be said for this attitude to people and their mores. At least it requires that the novelist be observant and inventive; at most it requires what many novelists lack, a surfeit of material. The boom novelist must appear to be immersed in life, a life more garish and more intense than most folk know. Here are glimpses at random from the opening pages of *The House of the Spirits*. While the household tries to sleep, Uncle Marcos drags his suitcases up and down the halls, tooting on barbaric musical instruments. He takes off aboard a mechanical bird with an eagle's face. A dog grows to be the size of a sheep, its tail long as a golf club, and one of its bouts of diarrhea lasts four days. Rosa the Beautiful has green hair years before punk. Young Clara witnesses Rosa's autopsy, sees them slice her open from throat to groin and then watches the young doctor kiss the resewn Rosa between the legs. After that, Clara doesn't speak for nine years. There is more—from an idiot tethered in a courtyard, beating his enormous penis on the ground, to a mother whose legs resemble "bruised, elephantine columns covered with open wounds in which the larvae of flies and worms had made their nests."

Images this lurid suit me. Something is making full use of my mind's eye, a rare thing in contemporary English or American fiction. But such images do blot out what goes on among the characters. I found myself bored by the family to and fro, what I could discern of it, and eager for the next sensational tableau. I had to keep reminding myself that this is the saga of the Trueba family, that Clara and Esteban have a daughter Blanca and two twins, Nicholás and Jaime, who get involved with a socialist leader called the Candidate. As *The House of the Spirits* advances, it calms down into the book Allende probably wanted to write, and would have had she not felt obliged to toe the line of magical realism. Hers is a realism learned from models and ritually imposed from without: heraldic, not sociological. As the book begins to get allegorical, through the introduction of a murdered poet of world stature and a murdered president, Allende begins the diatribe she no doubt had in mind all along.

If you recall the opening of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* ("Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice"), you may hear echoes in this book, as in "At the end of his life, when his ninety years had turned him into a twisted fragile

Paul West's most recent novel is Out of My Depths *(Anchor); his tenth novel,* Rat Man of Paris, *will be published this fall.*

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tree, Esteban Trueba would recall those moments with his granddaughter as the happiest of his whole existence." Such echoes are bows, perhaps, but a book of bows becomes a bow-wow.

Macunaíma, however, is the real thing. First published by the author himself, in 1928, it is the earliest effective attempt to weld Brazilian mythology into a single narrative lump. Sly, ribald and opulent in a hardheaded, buoyant way, the book is a classic, and you might never guess that Mário de Andrade had hit on the idea for its hero, Macunaíma, in the works of a German anthropologist. It's as if someone had unearthed Pan from the whimsical texts of Lévi-Strauss and orchestrated the result in the fashion of Villa-Lobos. A hallucinative poet suckled on Apollinaire and Laforgue, de Andrade takes in everything, ancient and modern, African and Italian, and creates from it a chirping icon, cosmic and undusty.

As stories go, and they come and go fast in this book, *Macunaíma* is that of a folk hero who sets out in quest of a charm he's lost. He has broken tribal law, so the gods punish him. In this sense, the story is that of the dispossessed young prince all over again. There is more than a touch of mysticism to the madcap knockabout, and the ending is truly poignant, as Macunaíma, seeing nothing worth staying on earth for, ascends to heaven, slaps the moon's face (cause of those dark blotches) and persuades the Father of the Crested Curassows to turn him and his belongings—"the cock, the hen, the coop, the revolver and the clock"—into a new constellation called the Great Bear. So much for the family of man, forever busy, forever evasive.

In the end we learn that the whole tale has been told by a parrot, full of sounds and fury, signifying more than most novels because it doesn't halt at the border of fiction or sociology or fable but becomes the rhapsody that de Andrade intended. What an amazing supple text it is, woven together from songs, curses, obscenities, tall tales, erudite letters and primitive improvisation.

It is almost beside the point to note that the book's content is just as varied as its manner, piling up with breezy receptivity the musician wren, a fortune in cocoa beans, a ship's wake of chocolate, a tree on which pistols grow and sometimes ripen, a cannibal soup "made from the body of a meat porter frozen overnight in a São Paulo cold storage," a sex change under rainbows, "that sublime village, Rio de Janeiro," a man from British Guiana with a cold virus in his Gladstone bag and the golden-brown jaguar that fathers every Mercedes and Bentley. More urban paraphernalia would have enriched the mix; after all, de Andrade had a free hand in making this tapestry. Also some of the Britishisms in the translation ("peeler" for cop, "the horn" for a hard-on) should have been excised. All the same, the full tune, the ample flavor, of the original come through, reminding us that in this world of the subatomic, anything has the right to be next to anything else. Not many such chromatic romps will come our way.

As a novelist, I find the technique fascinating because it runs on sheer telling, with no effort to convince. The result is a free-associative consecutiveness which turns causation into a phantom and realism into a quibble. The myth is senseless and porous, a massive nub of fluidity done in an idiom glib and precise. You read it, you *should* read it, with gratitude for the open-ended fashion in which the hero's metamorphoses embody the universe he lives in: a fresh antidote to the anorexic provincialism of much that gets published today.

Almost sixty years after *Macunaíma* first appeared, de Andrade seems less the obscurantist musicologist-explorer-scholar-novelist than the Orpheus of the Amazon, but with a barbaric narrative drive and a full-blooded brand of wordplay. In the movie version of the book, Macunaíma teams up with urban guerrillas, reminding us that when the Great Bear is a family member, the human family is endless.

In his lecture "The Argentine Writer and Tradition," Borges makes two points that are relevant here, claiming that the absence of camels proves the Koran an Arabian work (Mohammed had no reason to suppose camels were especially Arabian) and that South Americans in general are no more obligated to Western culture than are Jews, or than Irishmen to the culture of England. Just so: Allende's novel is full of camels, so to speak, whereas Macunaíma's patrimony is the universe. After Allende's confected, middling family, there is de Andrade's colossal one. He reminds us that the word "family" is from the Latin word for

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servant, and servants we are in his household of the All, along with monkeys, cowbirds, bushmasters, tacuri ants, Maceio mussels, pepper and cassareep.

It is interesting to compare E.A. Goodland's translation of Chapter Three with the one by Barbara Shelby in *The Borzoi Anthology of Latin American Literature*. Goodland, worth a novel himself, was a Cambridge-educated chemical engineer who traveled widely in Brazil, went on some tricky voyages by canoe on the Rio Negro and made the translation of *Macunaíma* his labor of love during retirement. His labor was not lost, but Shelby has an American ear, although sometimes Goodland's Britishisms make the jungle seem even more exotic than ever, giving the swarmingness a touch of Victorian hauteur. De Andrade would have smiled, I think, and devoured the protean shift, if he had lived long enough to see the word *bandeirante* ("an armed band") become the name of a short-haul passenger airplane. □

Funeral Baked Meats

GERALD WEALES

TENNESSEE: Cry of the Heart. *By Dotson Rader. Doubleday. 348 pp. $16.95.*

THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS: The Life of Tennessee Williams. *By Donald Spoto. Little, Brown. 409 pp. $19.95.*

The first biography off the presses after Tennessee Williams's death, on February 25, 1983, was the one subtitled *An Intimate Biography*, by the playwright's brother, Dakin, and Shepherd Mead. An accidental instance of the funeral baked meats, it was to have been released before Williams's death but was postponed so that a few paragraphs could be added about that grotesque and unhappy event. After Williams published *Memoirs*, in 1975, the adjective "intimate" held out small promise of titillation, and it was generally assumed that Dakin's book would be an answer to the angry accusations his brother had heaped on him for his part in the hospitalization that may have saved the dramatist's life in 1969. The book is self-justification to some extent, but it is also straightforward biography which, since Williams did not cooperate in any way, leans heavily on previously published works: *Memoirs*, Gilbert Maxwell's *Tennessee Williams and Friends*, Mike Steen's *A Look at Tennessee Williams*, *Tennessee Williams' Letters to Donald Windham*. It does offer Dakin Williams's view of the family that, in various guises, peopled his brother's plays and fiction (Dakin assumes that it was a casually cruel remark of Tennessee's that finally "separated" their sister Rose "from her sanity") and there is some new material, but for the most part the book covers familiar ground. It has little of value to say about Williams's work.

Now, the first of the post-wake biographies have appeared—Dotson Rader's *Tennessee: Cry of the Heart* and Donald Spoto's *The Kindness of Strangers*—and both acknowledge the help of Dakin Williams. Spoto lists Dakin as the "most important" of the many people he interviewed, although the bulk of the material he quotes could have been taken from the Williams-Mead book if it were not that Spoto regularly prefers his own interviews to published sources. Rader admits his use of Dakin's "fascinating book," a dependence that seems deeper than the desire "to check my memory of his life." Rader mixes his personal account of Williams's last years with pre-Rader biography (the method of *Memoirs*), and he does not get to Williams's birth until Chapter Two. The first paragraph there is a paraphrase of the opening of the Williams-Mead book. It might be argued that there is inescapable similarity in listing the data and place of a person's birth, but serendipity hardly explains why both books point out that Williams was born less than a hundred miles from William Faulkner's birthplace. That borrowed silliness (why not half a world from Chekhov's?) alerts the reader not to expect much from the nongossip sections of Rader's book.

Of the two biographies, Spoto's is the more conventional and the more useful. He has consulted whatever records he could find and has attempted to sort out the facts of Williams's family background and of his unhappy years in St. Louis from Williams's somewhat mythical re-creations, which were presumably true for him emotionally and which were certainly important in his work. Spoto has identified the anonymous and pseudonymous men who pass in and out of *Memoirs* as they did of the playwright's life. He has conducted interviews with Williams's friends, former friends, associates and acquaintances, and has used these as his chief sources. They form the most valuable part of the book but also the most vulnerable, because, like Williams's remarks about himself, they are subject to the vagaries of memory, special interest, partial vision. There are obvious errors (the Group Theatre did not produce *Bury the Dead*, and Williams did not speak at the University of Pennsylvania in 1979) which would be unimportant blemishes if it were not that, although quotations are documented, presumed factual comments are not. Toward the end of the book, I began to have doubts about the accuracy of details.

The overall view of Williams in Spoto's book is familiar enough. Williams has long been portrayed (and has portrayed himself) as a sensitive if steely young man, dependent financially, practically and emotionally on the kindness of family and friends, as well as strangers; Rader says that Williams wrote Blanche's last words as a laugh line. Williams became one of the best and most celebrated American playwrights, but his success, his fame, his money, gave him little peace. He was driven by his sexual needs, his hypochondria and his real illnesses, his fear of death, his guilt about the past, his sense of failure—driven literally, since he wandered the world restlessly in search of a cocoon he could call home. He had to be stroked, physically and spiritually, and by the end of his life his paranoia (its most public manifestations were his diatribes against critics) had pushed most of the strokers away. His descent into chaos in the 1960s, after the death of Frank Merlo, the one almost stabilizing person in his life, has been amply documented, but Spoto makes clear that the disintegration had begun in the 1950s and that he lived

Gerald Weales's book Clifford Odets: Playwright *was recently re-issued in paperback by Methuen. His* Canned Goods as Caviar: American Film Comedy in the 1930s *will be published in the fall by the University of Chicago Press.*

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with drugs, drink and desperation in the years following his temporary cure in 1969.

In the midst of all this disorder and early (and late) sorrow, he remained an indefatigable worker who believed that a writer had to write. He also, at least intermittently, remained the charming, witty, sympathetic, understanding, affectionate man who over the years had made so many people love and want to protect him. Williams, who could make us feel both the cruelty and the helplessness of Blanche, her pain and her misused power, needs a biographer who can do him the same service. Spoto is not up to it. The last section of the book should have wiped me out with the horror of it all; instead it weighed me down with a stockpile of insecurities which finally made me understand the insensitive remark in the Williams-Mead book about the playwright's constant, loud announcement of impending death: "He died only when he had nothing better to do."

At the beginning of *The Dark Side of Genius*, Spoto says that while researching Alfred Hitchcock's life, he realized that the director's films "were indeed his notebooks and journals." Given that approach, it is hardly surprising that he sees Williams's plays and stories primarily as reflections of his life. Perhaps that is what a biographer should do, but *The Kindness of Strangers* could use more acute comments on the works themselves. At least Spoto recognizes that it is Williams's work that makes a biography of the man desirable. For Dotson Rader, whose idea of a critical remark is "Much of the writing is glorious," his ostensible interest in Williams as an artist is secondary to the name-dropping nonsense of a book that seems designed to trash everyone in it, including Williams himself.

Tennessee is built on the assumption that Rader was an intimate friend of Williams in his last years and that their shared taste for young men, drink, drugs and malicious conversation is a basis for an appreciation of the man. It is difficult to guess how much of this intimacy is Rader's invention. That his name appears not at all in Spoto's biography—not even in the account of his and Williams's mugging in Key West—suggests that Spoto deliberately cut him out of the narrative to put a rival biographer in perspective. Yet he appears just once in *Memoirs*, in a mention of a dinner date Williams had with Ruth Ford and Rader; and Ford, with whom Rader's name was once linked, does not turn up at all in *Tennessee*. Rader dissociates himself from the "camp followers" who surrounded Williams in his last years, but I suspect that Spoto sees him as one of that "pack of glamour-hungry jackals who used sex like a fly-swatter" (whatever that means). Rader's closeness to Williams is made suspect by the fact that his long interview on the occasion of Williams's seventieth birthday (*Parade*, May 17, 1981) is broken into fragments, jazzed up with added or restored lines unsuitable for *Parade*, and scattered all through the book; the section on Hemingway and Castro ends up at an evening with Abbie Hoffman and is used to demean both Williams and Hoffman.

The publisher of *Tennessee* fails to provide an index, perhaps realizing that no reader would ever want to look a second time at any passage. This is not a grave oversight, since the book is of little use as factual biography. I doubt that we are to take literally Williams's account of how Warren Beatty offered his body to the playwright, or how a drunken Montgomery Clift, having fallen off his chair in a fashionable restaurant, used his position under the table to get at Williams's crotch; or to take seriously Williams's conjecture that Mary Hemingway killed her husband or his insistence on the Duchess of Windsor's talent for fellatio. If Williams is really speaking in these passages (and the style is rather better than in the rest of the book), he is doing standard comic turns, reminiscent of some of the monologues from his plays and different only in their naughtiness from the ones he regularly delivered when cornered by an interviewer.

If this kind of gossip pleases you or if you want to watch Rader's hopeless attempt to paint Williams as a political radical, *Tennessee* might be of interest, but there remains the problem of Rader himself. It is not the book's tastelessness or its self-advertisement that makes it so difficult to read. It is its foolishness, which is largely a function of Rader's attempt to pump vitality into his pedestrian prose by going for the lurid phrase. Death finds Jim Morrison, who has nothing to do with Williams's story, "naked and defenseless at twenty-nine in a bathtub in Paris"; the image so entrances Rader that he plays a

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variation on it later, as though he thought that in the square world he disdains people wear clothes in the bathtub. Rader uses "love" so frequently that it has about the force that I might give to a sentence like "I love pickled okra," and he has such a tin ear and blind eye that he cannot recognize the ludicrousness of moving from Williams's description of Tallulah Bankhead as "one of the only two or three actresses I really loved," to a passage on pets beginning "Tennessee loved bulldogs." His inadequate grasp of grammar traps him in sentences where pronouns have the wrong referents: "We ordered an ice cream soda and a straw for the chimp, who sat contentedly sipping his drink and turning pages of the *Daily News*. He talked of sex. . . ." The "he" is Andy Warhol, whose "speculation about what Billy Graham liked to do in bed" could hardly have been any more interesting than that of the chimpanzee. Besides, the anecdote has nothing to do with Williams.

Rader's *Tennessee* is the first sleaze book on Williams. I suppose there will be others, and there will be serious and popular biographies as well. Until Williams gets a biographer who can treat his work with sympathy and acuity, his admirers may want to avoid both the naughty gossip books and the "and then he went back to his home in Key West" narratives and stick with revivals of his plays. After all, that is where he lives. □

Anderre Menschens Gelt

SOL YURICK

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY: The Rise and Fall of OPM Leasing Services. *By Stephen Fenichell. Anchor/Doubleday. 305 pp. $16.95.*

Hello all you searchers for Excellence in the well-run enterprise. Today we are going to the heart of Excellence itself: OPM, Other People's Money, a private or closely held enterprise run in its heyday by Mordy and Myron, Mordecai Weissman and Myron Goodman, also the title of the book under review.

What are my qualifications, me, a novelist, for reviewing this book? I happen to own a genuine OPM tie and I have gazed reverently on one of the many OPM icons, a baseball trophy awarded to Myron Goodman for "outstanding and unusual base running." How prophetic. But no, seriously, I love to follow these exercises of swindling by paper pirates: Robert Vesco, Bernie Cornfield, the Equity Funding scam, James Ling, the present round of worthless mortgages that BankAmerica was gulled into buying, Michelle Sindona, the purloined works of the Vatican's Works of God bank, Calvi and the Banco Ambrosiano, P-2, or, if you're historically minded, the Great South Sea Bubble, the Mississippi Bubble, the Credit Mobilier, or, last but not least, the present world's unpayable debt pyramid. Ahh, the culture of capitalism: I love it.

Other People's Money follows the rise and fall of OPM (these two *gonifs* had a subsidiary called AMG, Anderre Menschens Gelt). Fenichell relates how Mordy and Myron, two nice Orthodox boys, very devout, rose in the leasing game to become among the biggest leasers of mainframe equipment, armed only with facile pens and a lot of gall. Always undercapitalized and in competition with the biggies in leasing such as Itel, how were they going to be competitive? Only one way: offer better terms than anyone else. To offer better terms you have to have cheaper labor. But the leasing industry is capital intensive (semiotics intensive?). Thus, you have to take greater risks, and if the risks don't work, then you pyramid. Which is what they did. It's a funny and exemplary tale.

Mordy and Myron were in business for about ten years. In all that time they never made a profit. Their losses, all told, ran to about $190 million, and yet they lived very well. Their enterprise expanded internationally, their offices were sumptuous, they held many celebrations attended by people from all over the country, they rented Yankee Stadium for one of their bashes, they contributed heavily to charities, they were constantly on planes, first class (buying seats for the documents that accompanied them wherever they went, lest they fall into the wrong hands), they bought mansions on Long Island, and also, they *schmeared* heavily in order to get contracts. What is not mentioned in *Other People's Money*, or in the trustee's report, written with surprising humor, is the rumor that they also employed a good many prostitutes (match that commodity against the yen or the dollar). Well, how else do you do business?

Fenichell outlines the way the system worked. In order for the leaser to lease computers (mainframes cost several million, depending on the configuration), he must get a commitment from a buyer (the lessee). The lessee, of course, shops for the lowest price, so the terms of the lease must be favorable. Armed with a commitment, the leaser goes to some financial institution, such as a bank, and borrows the money and purchases a computer, which he then turns around and leases. He hopes to make money on the lease payments and on the residual value of the computer after the lease is up, or when the lessee terminates the contract.

Many variables can be erected on this simple structure. The lessee tries to get the lowest payments possible and the option to terminate the contract in the shortest period of time. Rates are *hondeled* up to the last minute before closing. The industry changes fast; new computers that run faster, are smaller, have greater capacity, are cheaper to operate—calculated on the basis of the price of computations per second, or MIPS (millions of instructions per second)—are introduced periodically. When a new and faster computer with more spectacular whistles and bells is introduced, everyone wants to be able to switch, so it becomes cheaper to lease than to buy. (When I.B.M. announced the coming of the 3000 series, in 1977, it almost wiped out the leasing industry—which is what I.B.M. wanted to do since they were in the leasing business themselves.) What Mordy and Myron offered were shorter lease terminations than the rest of the industry. In addition there were tax shelters and an incredible variety of other goodies.

To explain all this in a review is impossible: and anyway, this is what Fenichell does in *Other People's Money*. OPM's terms were so good that they rose rapidly. But there is a certain inexorability in the numbers. They were constantly losing money, they had to

Sol Yurick is the author of The Bag *(Trident),* Richard A. *(Arbor House),* Metatron *(Semiot(e)xte) and the forthcoming* The King of Malaputa.

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hope that they would write more and more business and that future returns would someday or other overtake and settle their debt. It was impossible. A pyramid of leverage set on its point resulted: the money you may get tomorrow pays for yesterday's debt.

Thus they had to resort to various devices. Getting two or three loans on the same computer (hocking), which meant falsifying documentation. Getting short-term loans for computers that didn't exist (phantom computers), which meant inventing documentation. They also had to cook the books.

Mordy and Myron weren't pikers. They were doing business with Rockwell, American Express, Bankers Trust, Big Eight accountants, Goldman Sachs and Lehman Brothers (enter once again Lew Glucksman, who was recently celebrated in *The New York Times*). How did they get away with it for so long? Other people's complicity and willful blindness. That's the story of the book. It makes entertaining reading.

One senses here the presence of a network of contacts and practices that go beyond what is taught in B-school. I wish that Fenichell had explored these dimensions in more depth. The social relations of capitalism—if you like to think in those terms—are not merely those of money or of one's relationship to production; they are more ancient. The Lévi-Strauss to chronicle the common and barbaric rites of capitalism has not yet emerged.

A lot of companies in need of computing power had a vested interest in keeping OPM going or, at least, in not knowing what was amiss with it. But there is more: Goodman, at least, had warm relations with many people in the industry and that itself could be the stuff of a separate study, because the tale of Myron and Mordy is not unique. After all, if you've eaten together, shared other social amenities and possibly even fucked together, you build a web of complicity, a commonality of interest; you could even call it friendship.

Eventually Mordy and Myron suffered the tyranny of the numbers and interest rates. The whole venture fell apart. Complicated dances followed; ethical questions arose. All ever more comic.

Fenichell writes in a breathless style: short, punchy paragraphs and sentence fragments. I would have liked more explanation of some of the accounting

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and tax-avoiding devices to which they had recourse.

Mordy and Myron got stiff sentences and a lot of print. Much, perhaps too much, was made of their being Orthodox Jews. After all, there are more than enough non-Jewish scam artists around to indicate that business malpractice cuts across ethnic lines.

Modern capitalism has entered its metaphysical period. The manipulation of symbols standing for reality has reached preposterous proportions. The heart of the matter lies in that blizzard of abstract structures and semes, the accounting process, the ultimate minimalism. Paper dialecticians can now control reality with new ways of interpreting the meanings of value. And, as *Other People's Money* points out, people rarely went to see if the computer in question was actually there.

If one needs older guides to the present, the literary background, as it were, one should go back and read Melville's *The Confidence Man*, or Twain's *The Gilded Age*. What holds it all together? Faith or credit, which derives, ultimately, from credo: I believe. Welcome to the church. □

DISSOLUTION BY A NORTHERN OCEAN

I

The precisely hanging, hollowed shades support
the child in the womb,
boned like the smallest bird,
intruding like the painted creatures of old death
or the flat infant of the Master of Flemalle,
as rigid as a crucifixion.

Cranach the Elder faces vault above as if in dreams.
A single rose-mallow reaches with its root,
while the face over her bones
is envelopment, the punishment. From the trees
the owl sound calls, on the edge
of the dark glass of the forest; a wild place is

the inside of the moon,
streaked with running colors like
a mussel shell.
The sun comes to her slowly in the rocks, where
nothing moves but aspen leaves, no fluttering of the water,
of wings, fins, and she cannot know

what is behind the land, what precious thing
floats the water universe.
In the stillness, a pliant red leaf laps,
keeps its oak angles, keeps the delicate glass
sound of shell against shell,
the fabulous white roots of trees,

the great grey stones.
The rock she holds is joined of two slate
plates; the shell is whorled like wood,
her flesh. Gold bleeds through the joinings.
Slipping like twigs in water,
the patterned world moves at once in all directions,

contradicting each faceted extreme,
veined eddies, tumultuous, peaking waves,
the troubled seeking place.
She saw the baby as she would have been,
as the bones would have
carried her.

II

This is what she was saved for,
the slow, insistent shifting
of the morning light, dilating.
She wakens and knows the minutes
are betrayed,
each one an emaciated

Christ, a marble teardrop on a field of white
as moving as a veil. The pain is banded now
across her breast, the flowered slab,
the wound, the emblem of the island,
storm, mountain,
sea, as she reads the eerie gestures

of the daylight moon and looks into her eyes.

Carol Cavallaro

MUSIC.

EVAN EISENBERG

Bobby McFerrin

Strangers have been stopping me to ask what I think has been the highlight of the Bach tricentennial so far. The premiere of the lost organ preludes at Yale University? Tureck's *Goldberg Variations*? Something I heard in Leipzig, perhaps? "A solo by a jazz singer named Bobby McFerrin on *A Prairie Home Companion*," I tell them. "Oh, sorry," they say. "We thought you were Andrew Porter."

I wonder if Andrew Porter was listening that Saturday night in April. I was doing the dishes, and when McFerrin came on I turned the water off. "Bach, Bach, Bach," he said by way of introduction, or by way of warm-up on three pitches, and then began to scat the Air from the Third Orchestral Suite, vulgarly known as "Air on the G String." It is not an air in the usual sense; Bach could no more sing without counterpoint than a Neapolitan can talk without his hands. The walking bass, which seems to traverse galaxies at a step, is part of the melody, as are the various imitations and ornaments. McFerrin, with a handful of notes, con-

Evan Eisenberg's book The Recording Angel: Aspects of Phonography *will be published by McGraw-Hill in the winter.*

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veyed everything. There were none of the fireworks for which he is known; he did not, as in his version of The Beatles' "Blackbird," leap an octave and a half on each beat. The air was limpid, its pungencies and arabesques not stated, only implied, as in an ink painting by Sesshu or a Bach cello suite.

Debussy once wrote (he meant it as a compliment) that no one comes out of a concert hall whistling Bach. Some people try, though, and if McFerrin tries I expect he succeeds. He is blessed. A friend of mine calls his presence "beatific," which seems right; alone on an empty stage, handsome and slight and with the eyes of a nearsighted doe, he looks daffy and monastic. Except for one or two gospel numbers his music is not overtly religious, but the notes for his album *The Voice* (Elektra/Musician) begin "On July 11, 1977, I distinctly heard a voice inside my mind telling me to be a singer" and end with an acknowledgment of "my Heavenly Father." In general, doing strange things with one's voice tends to be either rude or deeply spiritual. The harmonic chanting of a Tibetan or Mongolian monk sounds less like the voice of one man than like a transmission of other voices, something like speaking in tongues. But while I find the chanting of the Gyuto monks, which I heard not long ago at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, boring unless I attempt some kind of homegrown meditation, you will not catch me meditating while McFerrin sings.

Technically, McFerrin's way of making counterpoint has little to do with harmonic chanting. It has more to do with such instrumental or partly instrumental music as Bach's solo string works, modern "extended wind music" and the pygmy trick of singing while playing a whistle. In the technique known as hocketing, a musician alternates rapidly between pitch or timbre ranges. The ear perceives the activity in each range separately, and instead of a single, wildly zigzagging melodic line, it hears several lines in counterpoint. At the same time, the ear takes pleasure in the artifice of the zigzag—the clever choice of notes, the balletic leaps. When a naked voice is doing these things, and doing them as surely as McFerrin's, the ear practically jumps for joy.

Apart from Bach, McFerrin sings bebop, swing, funk, blues, pop, calypso, music-box rococo, kindergarten folk and a number of genres that seem to spring full grown from his inscrutable head. Aided only by an ordinary microphone, a tapping foot and the occasional chest-thumping fist, his voice manages to make the stage seem crammed with apparatus—saxophones, basses, syndrums, echo chambers, flapping wings. He uses his own kind of circular breathing, gasping real notes even as he inhales, to keep the rhythmic flow unbroken. In its subdued way, his energy is staggering.

When he mimics a steel band or a bebop quintet he may be lampooning it, but with affection. He licks the music into better shape than ever. His effects are not all sonic; as the moment requires, he will adopt a hepcat's wobbly neck or the slouch of a woebegone bluesman. And even when I close my eyes, the art to which McFerrin's seems closest is a soundless one—mime. Like a good mime, he uses slim means to get fat results. Like a mime he imitates something more elusive than words, which makes his humor gentle but unsettling. He has a mime's sweetness, finesse and daring and a mime's way of drawing the crowd into his act. On the other hand, his smile isn't painted.

Good chameleon that he is, McFerrin comes in various shapes and sizes. The purest McFerrin is found on an otherwise empty stage like that of the Ritz in New York. McFerrin also comes adulterated with a trio, as at the Blue Note jazz club; it's fun to watch him elbow the pianist off the bench (he started out as a pianist) and perversely fun to hear him trade fours with a guitarist like John Abercrombie, whom he mimics and then cuts; but his genius is wasted. He should have a little Christian *rachmanes* and duet only with his peers, as he did at the Kool Festival concert preserved on *The Young Lions* (Elektra/Musician). In "B'n'W," McFerrin, trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and bassist Avery Sharpe pass each other on swerving enharmonic roads, half the time on the wrong side, and survive. A miracle.

It is something of a miracle, actually, that a record should be able to capture so much of McFerrin's lepidopterous art. After all, his art flies in the face of technology. It sets one man's throat against all the instruments and machines ever invented (except the microphone, without which McFerrin would have to perform in men's rooms). "Instead of listening to the music in your ears," McFerrin suggests in "I'm My Own Walkman," a scrawny

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but commendable original tune, "try singing." And he gets people to sing. He converts a hallful of placid Stuttgarters into Mississippi Baptists; he gets New Yorkers to sing "Itsy Bitsy Spider," complete with finger choreography. Of course, the real magic is the way he gets himself to sing along with himself. Since any bozo can duet with himself in a recording studio, one expects the magic to be lost when McFerrin does it on record. Once you have special effects, what is the point of filming a magician?

His first full album, *Bobby McFerrin* (Elektra/Musician), confirms all those fears and then some. Upholstered in pop instrumentals, it is so mellow that one finds oneself turning the volume down for fear of waking McFerrin up. But *The Voice*, recorded live in Germany during McFerrin's "first real solo voice tour," is the real stuff. It is roughly half as much fun as one of his concerts, and that is plenty. I would not go so far as to agree with Gary Giddins that it "thoroughly fulfills his promise"; I don't know what his promise is. The problem with doing something as difficult as a cappella jazz is that one can get away with just doing it well. I am not invoking Dr. Johnson; in this case the difficult thing *is* done well, delightfully well. What more do I want?

The weekend I heard the Gyuto monks, there was a seminar in which some American composers described the influence of Eastern music on their work. David Hykes, founder of the Harmonic Choir, offered a Mongolian legend about a singing waterfall, high in the Altai Mountains, which the gods put there so that men might learn to sing. McFerrin seems to share the belief that the music is here all along, and that his job is to make us hear it. He seems to plug into this universal rhythm for the length of a song, as if he really were his own Walkman; "it never stops," he sings, "it just keeps on coming," and when he stops you can almost hear it rushing on. With his talent, it is possible that he could make us hear things we haven't heard before, not from a bop quintet, not from Bach. That must be what I want. I am not thinking mainly of original tunes—original tunes have ruined more than one jazz singer—but of original turns on the classics.

But this is none of my business. As McFerrin says, "Don't worry, be happy." So I am going to put the record on again. □

BOOK NOTES.

LAIRD HARRISON

NO FREE LUNCH: Food and Revolution in Cuba Today. *By Medea Benjamin, Joseph Collins and Michael Scott. Institute for Food and Development Policy. 240 pp. $7.95. No Free Lunch* examines Cuba's food policy from seed to stomach and from Batista to the present. In its open-minded analysis of the revolution's alimentary triumphs and failures, the book provides a useful case study in radical socialism. Soon after taking power, the Castro government launched a set of reforms, including land redistribution, public employment projects and social services subsidies to provide more grocery money for the undernourished majority. Those programs set Cuba apart as the only nation in this hemisphere to have eradicated malnutrition. Increased demand, however, rapidly exceeded supply, so the government had to regulate prices, nationalize segments of the retail food business and eventually ration most food staples. Cubans pay a price for their full stomachs in long lines and a limited selection of bland if wholesome food. Still, the Cuban food reforms have proved one of the half-century's greatest national success stories. And the authors argue that if this progress owes a great deal to Soviet assistance, it has also occurred in the face of great opposition from the island's northern neighbor.

CONTRASTS: Soviet and American Thinkers Discuss the Future. *By Wiktor Osiatynski. Macmillan. 219 pp. $19.95. Contrasts* sets off eleven U.S. savants against their Soviet counterparts in a series of interviews paired by subject matter. Loosely centered on the epistemology of science, the conversations range broadly over philosophical topics: the origins of life, the future of humanity, the power of technology for good and ill. The "contrast" that emerges is not between East and West or communism and capitalism, but between two views of science that are independent of national identity: an old-guard rational materialism on one hand, and a

Laird Harrison recently completed an internship at The Nation.

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new search for spiritual, moral or intuitive understanding on the other. Linus Pauling claims that science has superseded religion, while Evgenii Feinberg finds logic a blunt tool for understanding. Paul Ehrlich and Fritjof Capra call for an ethics based on ecology, while Iosif Shklovskii foresees that humanity will burst out of the earth's atmosphere like a chicken from an egg. Noam Chomsky describes the biology of language; Guram Ramishvili stresses its cultural force. The acuity of the intellects involved makes the discussions thought-provoking, though the Q and A format gives the book a jerky, ping-pong rhythm. And if these great minds don't necessarily think alike, they share a heartening optimism about the future of the human race. □

NAMING THE SHELLS

Sand dollars in shallow waves
tumble the light,
drop like small moons
in foam along the shore line.
We fill our pockets, knot
flapping shirttails into sacks.
Stiff as turtles or crabs,
we rasp as we step,
loose sand in the dollars
shifting with stars.

For years we watched commonplace
forecasts fulfill themselves,
a calm surface with scattered
offshore storms, an overcast sky,
a wind that died at dusk.
This pattern, measured daily
by high and low tides,
led us to accept a stingy
claw or clamshell spears
hidden in wet sand. We honed
our expectations to fragments
and ignored the salty spume
that links us like brothers
to the moon.

Now this show, this tumble,
this gift, begs a response.
Naming each shell
after a part of the body,
liver flank tibula,
we make it ours, *femur*
spleen eyelid blood.
Not being medical students,
we run out at heart,
and since we have stacks
left to name, we call them
one after another, *heart, heart,*
heart, and hear in our voices
the pulse of the tide.

Judith Root

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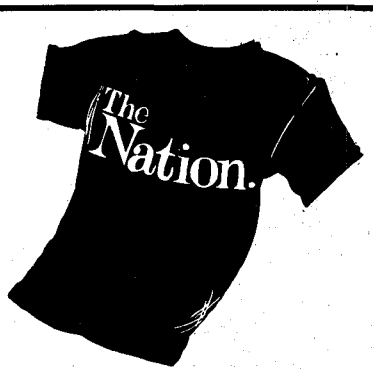

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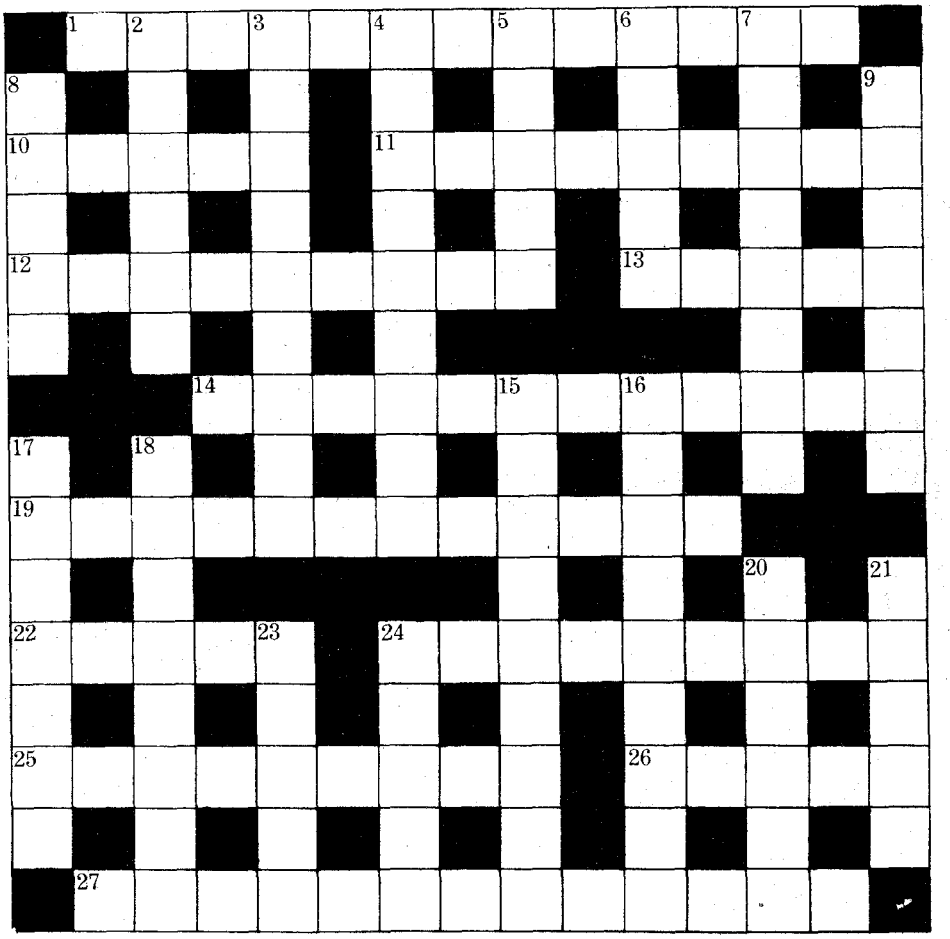

ACROSS

1 Skylark, albatross, or any other mentioned by the writer? (One doesn't stay put!) (4,2,7)
10 Might one make an essay on something like a German town? (5)
11 Bad morals, met in what went around in rather violent circles. (9)
12 Scissors and jackknives, for example, that don't cost anything—one may have them for life! (9)
13 Look with anger at this foreign flower. (5)
14 Such offerings certainly don't make for amateurish standings! (12)
19 Wallow with heaviness, just below the middle class. (12)
22 A lot of whales, fashionable with the neglected type, perhaps. (5)
24 A layer might also, at time—attacking on all sides. (9)
25 No sense of pain, like this gal in a sea of trouble. (9)
26 Can it be attributed to a burning desire? (5)
27 Turn over into Carl's, which is certainly not accepted by everyone. (13)

DOWN

2 Just the same, when I get good cards what do I do with 'em? (6)
3 Like a nightmare? (Harry Lee would certainly not be associated with it, though one is occasionally found running.) (4,5)
4 Did Stevenson's blind man belong to this, even though he didn't have one in church? (6,3)
5 Do they copy spare parts? (5)
6 This plant is responsible for many lines. (5)
7 Perhaps a man endorsed by *The Nation* long ago is now a strong point for the military. (And a Wobegonian lad!) (9)
8 Rod's companion could be a comfort for the office workers! (5)
9 Did this school give the Rams a battering? (7)
15 The fine figure of one of the British Queens? (9)
16 Mix-up that is in a group of islanders? (9)
17 A jolly type in Australian song is quite a bird around a sort of 22, at first. (7)
18 Straight, since it's graphite. (8)
20 Like the rest of our southern neighbors? (6)
21 A common man working for others—perhaps as a spy! (5)
23 When it might be hard to see such as 3 is the wrong thing? (5)
24 Nothing inferior to a fish, sounding like a rather low type. (5)

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